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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Journey in the Morea. By Sir W. Gell, &c. 8vo. pp. 411. London 1823. Longman & Co.

This pleasant volume, the result of several visits to the Morea, is hardly described by its singular title of "Journey." The author has enjoyed long and intimate opportunities of becoming acquainted with Greek and Turkish manners; and, discarding antiquities, he has here furnished us with a lively and entertaining picture of the people with whom he associated. Founded on the notes of several journeys, if we have more information in the text than could have been expected from one tour, we are also exposed to a few repetitions. These, however, scarcely detract from the merit of a publication, which is certainly, though slight, a very agreeable and amusing sketch of the modern Morea, at a period when an uncommon degree of interest attaches to that country.

We do not, in reviewing such a production, consider it necessary to follow, as we would in a scientific or antiquarian work, the footsteps of the traveller, nor to particularize his routes to Maina or Mistra, Argos, Sparta or Tripolitza, &c. The visit to the independent Greek Bey of Maina is the most important part, under the existing circumstances of Greece; and we are only sorry to see the testimony of so competent a witness as Sir W. Gell added to that of the numerous British authorities who have expressed their utter contempt for the Greeks, and despair of any cause in which they were the agents. Sir William in many passages exposes and ridicules the monstrous absurdities which have for several years filled our newspapers, in the shape of intelligence from the Mediterranean. Manufactured in the heart of Germany, the least likely spot in Europe to have any accurate information, the news thus forged obtains admission into the journals of every country, especially into those of England, and thus the grossest absurdities obtain currency and credit. In one place, he says facetiously,

"We set out for Kalamata; now, 1821, become a republic, and in alliance with the United States of America, enacting laws, electing a senate and publishing decrees, all swallowed by the newspapers and the European world as interesting political facts on which to build the future greatness of the Greeks. There, however, really exists a place of that name, where at this time there were ten Turks established and no more, with a small community of Greeks. It is difficult to conceive in what country the accounts have been fabricated which make the Turks march in three days from Zeitun to Thermopylae, which is not three hours distant, and receive a terrible overthrow, with the loss of 300 waggons, in the streights at the village of Molo, which is after the pass is terminated. Germany, however, is probably the original source, for in England better information might be had. Three hundred coaches and

six would be easier to find in the island of Mull, than 300 Turkish waggons at Thermopylae."

Again: "Those who vainly flatter themselves that the destruction of the Turkish barbarism would open to them the road to the investigation of Grecian antiquities, treasures of sculpture, and a new era of the arts and humanity, may assure themselves that no such effect would be produced. A long reign of anarchy would be succeeded by a fresh and more active tyranny, during which, if Greeks ruled, strangers would be excluded, and the monuments of antiquity, fetching no price, would find their way to the lime-kiln. If Greece fell into the hands of a civilised stranger, there would be droves of prefects and commissaries to watch the traveller's operations, to prevent his antiquarian researches under pretence that he is a spy, and to oppose the exportation of works of art from the country, with a long train of dog-in-the-manger selfishness, which would put an end to enterprise or discovery.

"The antiquities, under a change of government, becoming private property, would soon disappear, as they did in Italy; and as to the hope of foreigners interfering to save them, such measures only hasten their destruction, as the Greeks are sufficiently active, which the Turks are not, to destroy them; to be rid of visitors and the consequent importunities. Under no circumstances would the remains of antiquity be likely to last so long, and to be so accessible, as under the Turks; and there exists a method of consecrating these ruins to the mosque at Mecca, to which I recollect that the gymnasium of Ptolemy at Athens was thus dedicated, by raising a subscription in order to deliver it from the Greek who had already destroyed the pediment. This is called by a term resembling the word Vakouf, which renders it beyond the power of the Sultan himself to destroy the edifice so consecrated. On the other hand, it is vain to expect that liberty could all at once spring up in a country like this, peopled by Albanians styled by courtesy Greeks, amongst whom even the vanity of being free, if freedom were acquired, would never prevail against the jealousy which would sacrifice all to pull down a rival, or the avarice which would recall the oppressor for a purse of gold."

Here, instead of the Newspaper picture, is a sort of Hamlet's ugly portrait, but we must leave it to political lovers to "batten on this moor;" giving them at the same time one feature of a consolatory kind—

"On the other hand, it would be a blot on the age in which we live, if some pains were not taken to prevent the Turks from sending a force of fifty or a hundred thousand men to sweep the Greeks from the earth, and divide their possessions; for the Greeks are certainly more worthy of compassion than any other nation which ever attempted a premature revolution. More than three generations of slavery and insult, and the impossibility under which the Greeks labour, in the

hands of priests, archons, and Turks, of learning what is the difference between right and wrong, render a whole people more excusable in any frantic attempt to arrive at some unknown good, through much positive evil, than those turbulent spirits, who, in countries where a comparison might be made of the means with the proposed results, would bring destruction on their fellows by a mad assertion of worthless rights, for the attainment of which the community is too indifferent to make great sacrifices."

"To these observations I will add, that I was once very enthusiastic in the cause of Greece; that it is only by knowing well the nation, that my opinion is changed; that all the attempts to excite a crusade in favour of the Greeks have been backed by the most gross misrepresentations of their readiness to learn and improve, and of their present progress. Whoever embarks in their cause will fail, and will end by retiring in disgust. It is only Russia that can save them from themselves; and that must be done by exercising upon them for a whole generation the most despotic and coercive measures, and making them happy by force."

Without discussing these rather questionable doctrines, we shall proceed to illustrate the living manners and customs which the author brings so vividly before our eyes in his descriptions. After relating the ceremonies of a Turkish entertainment, Sir W. adds,

"We also smoked, as is usual on such occasions, through long pipes of jessamine or cherry wood, with mouth-pieces of amber. The pipe is lighted by one of the attendants, who sometimes does, and sometimes does not, wipe the amber when he presents it. It should, however, be added, that there is no occasion to put the pipe into the mouth, as the bore is of such a size, that applying it to the lips answers the purpose. The Turks imagine that amber is incapable of conveying any species of infection; and, with regard to the plague, they may be correct."

Having mentioned the finale of a Turkish banquet, it may not be misplaced to select also part of an account of an Arcadian feast, of which our countrymen partook, at the house of a rich Greek and at the same time an English agent, called Anastasio—

"We had (says Sir W. G.) requested that, contrary to the usual custom of the country, the Signora Pasqualigo, who was a native of Zante, and an ex-subject of the Ex-Ionian republic, might be permitted to live with us, and be excused the serving up of the dinner, which we found to be her province; but we soon discovered that we had done her no service. She was very courteous, though quite unused to society, and very richly attired, but unable either to eat or converse, having been employed over the fire ever since six o'clock in the morning, as we learned from our servants, in the assistance of three other women who were sent for on the occasion. Our dinner was so plentiful that we

at length began to count the dishes as they were brought in, three or four at a time.

"After we had eaten as much as we thought requisite, of about six-and-twenty of them, we found ourselves compelled to eat more as a compliment to our hosts, and again for the honour of the house. We were thus obliged to enter into an agreement to eat by turns a little of every dish, and we thought this would have succeeded, till we were at last overcome by a regular course of Khalva, a preparation of honey, flour of almonds, and oil, sent up in every state; one dish resembling boiled leather in appearance, another white hair, and a third sponge biscuit; in short, such a variety of form and consistence, that we found it impossible to proceed either for the honour of the house or respect to the hostess. We accordingly took the first opportunity, after offending the lady by declaring our fixed resolution to eat no more, to desire our janissary, who was evidently distressed at our want of appetite, and so well known to the family, to say how disagreeable it was to us to occasion so much trouble, and by his mediation we got off the next day without more dinner than would have served about four moderate people. The janissary, however, assured us that this was the custom of the house, and that every body who came into it was treated in the same sumptuous manner, from which we concluded that the arrival of guests was not a common occurrence at Arcadia. Anastasio himself was persuaded with great difficulty that it was not owing to dislike of the cookery that we were unable to eat of every thing which was set before us; and he constantly apologized in Italian, repeating 'Casa piccola ma cuore grande,' a small house but a great heart; and that he was always ready, 'a spargere il sango per la Sua Maestà Britannica e la gloriosa nazione Inglese.'"

The following are also curious examples of opinions and customs. Invited by the Turks to come on board their ships,

"They spoke Greek perfectly, and expressed great delight at the whiteness of our linen, and the shining blackness of our shoes; not that the Greeks wash well, but that we happened to have shirts which were washed in England. The shoes did not procure us quite so much applause when they learnt from Mustapha, that our servants spit upon them every morning, and then rubbed them with a brush, made of hog's bristles, both of which were profanations in the opinion of our Mussulman friends, though they did not express half the disapprobation they felt. They evidently, by their questions and remarks to Mustapha, conceived an idea, and ended by confirming it, that the English possessed some peculiar virtue of spitting a shining liquid for shoes, which would render useless any recourse to Messrs. Day and Martin. . . .

"On the road we had passed one of those heaps of stones, called by the Greeks *Anathemas*. A person who has a quarrel with another collects a pile of stones and curses his unconscious foe as many times as there are stones in the heap. It is the duty of every charitable Christian to add at least one pebble as he passes by, so that the curses in a frequented road become innumerable. A Greek who should travel on one of our English roads, would imagine the whole population at war; and in Italy, where the heaps are larger and generally occupy the whole of the best part of the road, he would be disposed

to add another curse to fall upon the road-makers themselves. . . .

"At Scala we found the village more populous than any we had lately seen, and went to lodge at a *Pyrgo*, or tower, of the Greek, of the greatest consequence in the place. Whether he was drunk or mad, or only malicious, we could not exactly discover, but the archon shut and locked his door very securely, and then, putting his head out of an upper window, sent forth a volley of execrations on us, and all who belonged to us, that all the 'dogs' and 'beasts' with which Mustapha returned the abuse were useless. Signore Demetrio, in the true language of the East, continued to describe the indignities with which he would treat not only ourselves, but our 'mothers before they were married, our sisters before they were born, the creed of our dogs,' and such elegant Grecian expressions, till Mustapha, turning round, espied another apartment of the same house in the court on the ground floor, into which we entered, not without frequent volleys of curses from the upper windows of the turret, which were now, however, opened with caution and shut with precipitation, when Mustapha looked out, as he had held our bayrudi in the Pasha in his hand, and threatened to shoot him if he persisted; for the Greek treated the Vizier and his mother as he had done us. In the mean time, some of the neighbours came into the court and assured us that their archon was both drunk and mad, and would be better after he had slept. As we were now lodged in a tolerable apartment, we thought no more of him, but found means, with threats of the bayrudi, and money, to get carpets, cushions, fire, poultry, and eggs; and as Greeks never have any vegetables, the eating of which they seem to think a Turkish vice, we prevailed on some of the people to go to the hills and get the wild cabbage, called by them *agria lachana*, the use of which we had long known, being by no means a contemptible substitute for garden herbs. . . .

"I scarcely know any place in Greece with a regular supply of herbs, except Athens, and these come from Sepolia, perhaps Cipolla, a village more than a mile distant. . . .

To these good-humoured relations we shall add an anecdote or two in the same temper: the first paints a whimsical way of getting rid of a burthensome companion—a dragoman Doctor, whom the travellers found a most un-serviceable escort—

"He had hitherto been nothing more than a useless expense and an unseemly burden, and had never appeared active but once, and that at an unhappy moment. The difficulty lay in the means which could be employed for dispatching him to his village without an affront, which he had not merited, and we were reduced the next day to explain to my friend's servant, a Spaniard by birth, the perplexed situation in which we were placed. He immediately conceived a plan for producing the desired result, and said he would contrive that the doctor should come himself and ask permission to retire. In a short time he returned with the assurance that all was settled, that he had pretended to have overheard a conversation, in which we had complained of the great expense of employing a man of his merit, that he was certain we should not like to retain the doctor much longer, to whom he was sure we should give a handsome present on his departure, and that he had therefore be-

trayed our conversation, that the dragoman might himself propose to withdraw, which would have a more dignified appearance. The doctor fell readily into the snare, made up a story of a letter received that moment from his dear wife at Philatra, written in almost illegible characters, stating how a plank in the gallery had given way, (as well indeed it might have done,) in consequence of which her leg and thigh were dangerously torn by the rusty nails, and conjuring him to return with all speed, to save by his medical skill an expiring wife and a helpless family. . . .

"We scarcely believed it possible that the vanity of appearing to retire voluntarily would be sufficient to induce him to act thus far; but half an hour convinced us that not only he would try, but would have the greatest success in extorting compassion from his willing audience. He entered our apartment with a most rueful countenance, and went into so minute a detail of all the particulars of the casualty, the loss of blood, and the laceration of the tendons, that it was almost impossible not to believe it, though we knew the whole to be a fabrication, and though the exact state of the wounds, and the precise circumstances attending the accident, could scarcely have been so accurately related in the letter of a dying female. . . .

"We of course could not take upon us to oppose so humane an intention as that which he intimated, of returning to the succour of his afflicted family; and having his whole month's pay ready, which amounted to twenty sequins, he was in an instant put in possession of it, and went out in an excess of conjugal affection to look for a horse. While he was out, we had time to write a letter to Anastasio, in which we detailed the whole plot, desiring him to condole with the doctor on the misfortunes of his wife, and to congratulate him on the success of the trick which he had played. We knew he would be in good hands with Anastasio, and saw him depart with our letter in his bags after dinner, not without satisfaction. . . .

"His riding dress can scarcely be imagined without a drawing; but I have seldom seen a more grotesque figure than his, when he set out for the town of Leondari on that journey. His hat was not unlike that of a capuchin with a slouched brim, but the crown had a broad silk hat-band and large steel-buckle. His hair, which had not been untied for months behind, showed that several attempts had been made to comb it, which had only succeeded in tearing out or breaking off locks which originally belonged to the queue. He wore a large and long robe of cloth, which once had been sky-blue, lined with thick fur, with a broad cape of the same. Under this was a tunic of dark colours to conceal the dirt, also reaching to the ground; beneath this, again, were other dresses altogether invisible, but forming a prodigious mass of inconvenient appurtenances, which when prepared for a journey were all thrust together,—fur, pelisse, tunic, and all the rest into a tremendous pair of Turkish trousers, composed of many yards of light-blue cloth, which being sewed together between the legs, as all Turkish trousers are, in spite of an essay in one of the English newspapers to prove the contrary, were so much forced upwards by the saddle, that several inches of septennial cloth stockings were visible, between them and a huge pair of Turkish jack-boots which had once been black. It was scarcely possible to take the hasty sketch

which is here presented to the reader, ere the son of Esculapius, gigantic in his habiliments, oppressed the back of a small and spirited Turkish steed, and was lost for ever to our view.



"This species of demi-costume, uniting the beauties of the Frank and Turkish dresses, is particularly affected by the learned physicians of the Morea."—(To be continued.)

Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains, performed in the years 1819, 1820. By Order of the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, &c. under the Command of Major S. H. Long. By Edwin James, Botanist and Geologist to the Party. 8vo. 3 vols. London 1823. Longman & Co.

THREE octavo volumes are not to be digested in one week; but we can cut off a few slices and dress them up into a dish wherewith to entertain our friends.

The Expedition, consisting of Major Long, of the Engineers; Major Biddle, literary Journalist; Dr. Baldwin, Botanist (who died soon after setting out); Mr. Say, Zoologist; Jessup, Geologist; Peale, assistant Naturalist; Seymour, Painter; Lieut. Graham and Cadet Smith, the author, &c., with a boat's crew and military force on board a steam-boat, sailed from Pittsburgh on the 5th of May 1819, and speedily swept in their descent from the Alleghany into the Ohio River. Having reached the mouth of the Ohio, they next ascended the Mississippi to St. Louis, and though these are unquestionably great rivers, the Itinerary is dry enough. The ascent of the Missouri to Loutre Island presents little worthy of observation; and on the 3d of July, we find ourselves setting out from this spot without being encumbered with any very novel or striking intelligence picked up in our two months' travels. But a little above this, viz. between Franklin and Fort Osage, the extremity of the settlements, we shall select an extract.

"In the afternoon they halted to rest at the cabin of a hunter on Fire Prairie Creek, so called from the circumstance of three or four Indians having been burned to death by the sudden conflagration of the dry grass in the meadows at its source. Here Mr. Say had an opportunity to examine a young black wolf, which was confined by a chain at the door of the hut. These animals are common in this part of the country. This individual was one of five that had been taken from the same den. It had become familiar with the hunter and his family, but was shy towards strangers. When fed on meat the ferocity of his disposition manifested itself in attempts

to bite the children. It was ordinarily fed on bread and milk.

"This man had been settled here two years, but had not 'made a crop,' having subsisted himself and his family by hunting, wherein he had been very successful. In the preceding autumn he had killed seventy deer and fifty bears. He took great pleasure in relating his hunting adventures, particularly his engagements with bears. One bear which he had killed, he said, weighed seven hundred pounds; but in this instance he was probably mistaken. He had seen in the winter of 1818, a large herd of bisons near the Grand Pass; but they had been driven down by the severity of the weather, and were not ordinarily to be found within the limits of his hunting excursions. During the severe wintry weather, he affirmed that bears make for themselves a shelter of brushwood, into which they creep to secure themselves from the cold.

"From May until July the female of the common deer conceals her young whilst she goes to feed. It is at this time that the hunters take advantage of the maternal feelings of the animal to secure their prey. They conceal themselves and imitate the cry of the fawn. The solicitude of the parent animal for her young overcomes her usual care for her own safety; and believing she hears the cries of her offspring in distress, she hurries toward the spot where the hunter lies concealed, and falls an easy prey."

From Fort Osage, Aug. 6, a party under Mr. Say was dispatched to explore the country towards the Konzas river and between that river and the Platte, while the steam-boat soon after pursued its upward course in the Missouri. A hundred and sixty-one Indians, including chiefs and warriors and thirteen Osages, came to hold a council with the Americans. Here they were threatened by their encroaching neighbours, but no immediate consequence ensued. On the return of Mr. Say's party, he gave an account of his journey to the Konza village, from which we copy the most interesting parts, just as they appear in the grandiloquent style of the travellers.

"The approach to the village is over a fine level prairie of considerable extent; passing which, you ascend an abrupt bank of the height of ten feet to a second level, on which the village is situate in the distance, within about one-fourth of a mile of the river. It consists of about a hundred and twenty lodges, placed as closely together as convenient, and destitute of any regularity of arrangement. The ground area of each lodge is circular, and is excavated to the depth of from one to three feet, and the general form of the exterior may be denominated hemispheric. . . . A hole is permitted to remain in the middle of the roof to give exit to the smoke. . . . Several medicine or mystic bags are carefully attached to the mats of the wall; these are cylindrical, and neatly bound up; several reeds are usually placed upon them, and a human scalp serves for their fringe and tassels. Of their contents we know nothing. . . .

"Ca-ega-wa-tan-ninga, or the Fool Chief, is the hereditary principal chief, but he possesses nothing like monarchical authority, maintaining his distinction only by his bravery and good conduct. There are ten or twelve inferior chieftains, or persons who aspire to such dignity, but these do not appear to command any great respect from the people.

Civil as well as military distinction arises from bravery or generosity. Controversies are decided amongst themselves; they do not appeal to their chief, excepting for counsel. They will not marry any of their kindred, however remote. The females, before marriage, labour in the fields, and serve their parents, carry wood and water, and attend to the culinary duties; when the eldest daughter marries, she commands the lodge, the mother, and all the sisters; the latter are to be also the wives of the same individual. When a young man wishes to marry a particular female, his father gives a feast to a few persons, generally old men, and acquaints them with his design; they repair to the girl, who generally feigns an unwillingness to marry, and urges such reasons as her poverty, youth, &c.—The old men are often obliged to return six or seven times before they can effect their object. When her consent is obtained, the parents of the young man take two or three blankets and some meat to the parents of the female, that they may feast, and immediately return to their lodge. The parents put on the meat to cook, and place the same quantity of meat and merchandize on two horses, and dress their daughter in the best garments they can afford; she mounts one of the horses, and leads the other, and is preceded by a crier announcing, with a loud voice, the marriage of the young couple, naming them to the people; in this way she goes to the habitation of her husband, whose parents take from her every thing she brings, strip her entirely naked, dress her again in clothes as good as she brought, furnish her with two other horses, with meat and merchandize, and she returns with her crier to her parents. These two horses she retains as her own, together with all the articles she brings back with her. Her parents then make a feast, to which they invite the husband, his parents and friends; the young couple are seated together, and all then partake of the good cheer, after which the father of the girl makes a harangue, in which he informs the young man that he must now assume the command of the lodge, and of every thing belonging to him and his daughter. All the merchandize which the bride returned with, is distributed in presents from herself to the kindred of her husband in their first visit. The husband then invites the relatives of his wife to a feast. Whatever peltries the father possesses are at the disposal of the son to trade with on his own account; and in every respect the parent, in many instances, become subservient to the young man.

"After the death of the husband the widow scarifies herself, rubs her person with clay, and becomes negligent of her dress, until the expiration of a year, when the eldest brother of the deceased takes her to wife without any ceremony, considers her children as his own, and takes her and them to his house; if the deceased left no brother, she marries whom she pleases. They have, in some instances, four or five wives; but these are mostly sisters; if they marry into two families the wives do not harmonize well together, and give the husband much inquietude; there is, however, no restriction in this respect, except in the prudence of the husband. The grandfather and grandmother are very fond of their grand-children, but these have very little respect for them. The female children respect and obey their parents; but the males are very disobedient,

and the more obstinate they are, and the less readily they comply with the commands of their parents, the more the latter seem to be pleased, saying, 'He will be a brave man, a great warrior; he will not be controlled.'

"The attachment of fraternity is as strong, if not stronger, than with us. The niece has great deference for the uncle. The female calls her mother's sister *mother*, and her mother's brother *uncle*. The male calls his father's brother *father*, his father's sister *aunt*, his mother's sister *mother*, and his mother's brother *uncle*. Thirteen children have occurred in one family. A woman had three children at a birth; all lived.

"The young men are generally coupled out as friends; the tie is very permanent, and continues often throughout life.

"They bear sickness and pain with great fortitude, seldom uttering a complaint; by-standers sympathize with them, and try every means to relieve them. Insanity is unknown; the blind are taken care of by their friends and the nation generally, and are well dressed and fed. Drunkenness is rare, and is much ridiculed; a drunken man is said to be bereft of his reason, and is avoided. As to the origin of the nation, their belief is, that the Master of life formed a man, and placed him on the earth; he was solitary, and cried to the Master of life for a companion, who sent him down a woman; from the union of these two proceeded a son and daughter, who were married, and built themselves a lodge distinct from that of their parents; all the nations proceeded from them, excepting the whites, whose origin they pretend not to know. When a man is killed in battle, the thunder is supposed to take him up, they do not know where. In going to battle each man traces an imaginary figure of the thunder on the soil; and he who represents it incorrectly is killed by the thunder. A person saw this thunder one day on the ground, with a beautiful mockasin on each side of it; having much need of a pair, he took them and went his way; but on his return, by the same spot, the thunder took him off, and he has not been since heard of. They seem to have vague notions of the future state. They think that a brave warrior, or good hunter, will walk in a good path; but a bad man, or coward, will find a bad path. Thinking the deceased has far to travel, they bury with his body mockasins, some articles of food, &c. to support him on the journey. Many persons, they believe, have become reanimated, who had been, during their apparent death, in strange villages; but as the inhabitants used them ill, they returned. They say they have never seen the Master of life, and therefore cannot pretend to personify him; but they have often heard him speak in the thunder; they wear often a shell which is in honour, or in representation of him, but they do not pretend that it resembles him, or has any thing in common with his form, organization, or dimensions.

"This nation having been at profound peace with the Osages, since the year 1806, (see Pike, p. 144.) have intermarried freely with them, so that in stature, features, and customs, they are more and more closely approaching that people. . . . The hair of most of their chiefs and warriors is scrupulously removed from the head; being careful, however, to leave enough, as in honour they are bound to do, to supply their enemy with a scalp, in case they should be vanquished."

Soon after leaving the Kouza village,

Mr. Say and his party were attacked and plundered by a Pawnee force, of about 130 men. This put an end to their further progress, and they with some difficulty rejoined the main body of the Expedition. On September 15, they arrived at the mouth of the Platte, lat. 41° 3' 13" north: and in two days more Fort Lisa on the Missouri, the principal trading establishment of the Missouri Fur Company. Here a council was held with the Otoes, Ioways, and other tribes. But their exploits must be deferred to our next paper.

Valperga; or the Life and Adventures of Castruccio, Prince of Lucca. By the Author of "Frankenstein." 12mo. 3 vols. Whittakers.

In this work the most powerful passions are called into action; and love, enthusiasm, and ambition, appear on the canvass, stamped with the same wild imagination that characterized Frankenstein. Energetic language, landscapes worthy of poet or painter, feelings strong in their truth, are to be found in every chapter. But we shall remark as we proceed. The period, that of the struggle between the Guelphs and Ghibbelines, in which it is laid, is above all favourable for display and delineation of character; the fiery passions, the headlong impulses, that, like caged lions, grow gentle for want of food, go ravening for their prey when the tempest has destroyed their prison-house and broken their chains asunder—the restraints of social life, virtues, habits, all are forgotten alike in those times of energy, excitement, and crime; and in the hour of struggle, darkness, and revolution, the human mind is laid open in all its mightiness of power, or its littleness of weakness. In this Novel it is not the events that interest us so much as the actors; and we shall give a better idea of Valperga by sketching the characters than by detailing the plot.

At the head of the list stands Castruccio. We see him first a gentle and affectionate child, an exile in his infancy, and his earliest impressions those of blood and fear. Next he is a spirited, generous boy, who then becomes the very model of a young warrior, brave, beautiful, and in love; but even then the evil germ is in his heart, though as yet bearing no fruit. The ambitious soldier adds the lessons of craft to those of courage, and craft is soon followed by its shadow, cruelty; the darker outlines of the picture are gradually filled up; and in the cold-blooded, intriguing, suspicious leader of the Ghibbelines, we lose almost all trace of the once light, frank-hearted, noble Castruccio. There is truth, there is power in the portrait, yet we feel unsatisfied in gazing on it; we mark the ravages of ambition on the once fresh and affectionate heart with the same repugnance that we watch on a beautiful face the encroachments of disease. The Lord of Lucca has too much interest at first to admit of our cordially hating his worthlessness; we do not like to see our bright idol prove but a thing of human dust and dross. No other male character occupies a conspicuous place. The subtle Galeazzo, the gentle Arigo, the Bishop, Buonelmonte, though well coloured, are but mere sketches; and Pepi seems to us solely introduced to gratify a family taste for monsters. This same remark may apply to Bindo the Albino, and the witch of the forest—sheer mummery, unworthy the other parts. Indeed the most prevailing fault through the work is the multiplicity of those introduced, from whom we are led to expect much, yet who are afterwards, as it were,

forgotten by the author. But the two female pictures are exquisite, both from their contrast and in themselves. Pure, beautiful, high-minded, generous, Euthanasia is an emanation of female loveliness and female delicacy; perfect without being insipid, her superiority is forgotten and forgiven in her gentleness and her sorrow. But with all the admiration we have conceded, we must think her character ideal: it scarcely seems in woman's nature for patriotism to be a stronger feeling than love; and we could have forgiven Euthanasia for marrying Castruccio, even though he had declared war against Florence. Beatrice is the very creation of fancy and poetry: young, beautiful, enthusiastic, yielding to love as to the dictates of Heaven; taking the wild impulses of an ungoverned imagination for inspiration; passionate; yet timid; pity is almost pain when we find the innocent and radiant girl withered in her fiery hour of insanity, dying of a broken heart: it is like a relief to have Castruccio to hate for it. Our first extract shall be from the beginning of her history, premising that her enthusiasm has become suspected by the Inquisition:

"The bell of the church now began to toll, and announced that the monks were occupied in the prayers that were to precede the ceremony; Castruccio hurried to the scene. It was to take place in a large square of Ferrara, under the walls of the garden of the convent of St. Anna, and before the gates of the monastery to the care of whose monks the Judgment was intrusted. As Castruccio approached, he found every avenue choked up by the multitude, and the horse-tops covered with people,—even on towers, whence the square could only appear a confused speck, the people crowded in eager expectation. He joined a few nobles who were admitted through the garden of the monastery; as he passed the sacred precincts, he saw the chapel filled with the brothers, who were praying, while high mass was performed to sanctify their proceedings, and the eucharist was distributed as a pledge of their truth.

"The square presented a busy, but awful scene; the houses, the windows of the monastery, the walls of the convent, were covered by people; some clinging to the posts, and to the walls; fixing their feet upon small protuberances of stone, they hung there, as if they stood on air. A large part of the square had been railed off in a semicircle round the door of the monastery, and outside this the people were admitted, while it was guarded on the inside by Gascon soldiers, that with drawn swords kept in awe the eager spectators, whose fury of hope and fear approached madness: their voices it is true were still, for the solemn tolling of the bell struck them with awe, and hushed them, as the roar of the lion in the forest silences the timid herd; but their bodies and muscles were in perpetual motion; some foamed at the mouth, and others gazed with out-stretched necks, and eyes starting from their sockets.

"Within this inclosure one part was assigned for the Dominican brothers, who, in their black habits and red crosses, at an early hour occupied their seats, which were raised one above another in the form of a small amphitheatre; another part was assigned to some of the nobles of both sexes, the spectators of this piteous scene. Within this inclosure was another small one, close to the gate of the monastery; it had two corresponding entrances, near one of which

a large cross was erected, and near the other a white standard with the words *Agnus Dei* embroidered on it. This inclosure was at first empty, except that in one corner a pile of wood was heaped.

"Half an hour passed in tremendous expectation: Castruccio felt sick with dread; the heavy and monotonous tolling of the bell struck on his soul, his head ached, his heart sunk within him. At length the gates of the monastery were thrown open, and a number of monks came forward in procession, carrying lights, and chanting hymns. They saluted the cross, and then ranged themselves round the outside of the inner inclosure; after a pause of a few moments, another party came out with Beatrice in the midst of them; she was wrapt in her capuchin, the cowl drawn over her face; the crowd spoke not as she appeared, but a sound, as of the hollow north-wind among the mighty trees of a sea-like forest, rose from among them; an awful, deep and nameless breath, a sigh of many hearts; she was led to the cross, and knelt down silently before it, while the brothers continued to chant alternately the staves of a melancholy hymn.

"Then came forth a third party of monks; they bore ploughshares and torches, mattocks and other instruments, that again spread a groan of horror through the multitude. The pyre was lighted; the shares thrown in among the blazing wood; while other monks threw up the soil of the inclosure with their mattocks, forming six furrows, two feet distant one from the other. At length the bell, which had been silent for a few minutes, began again to toll, in signal for the ceremony to begin. At the command of the monks Beatrice arose, and threw off her capuchin; she was dressed in a short vest of black stuff, fastened at the waist with a girdle of rope; it was without sleeves, and her fairest arms were crossed on her breast; her black and silken hair was scattered on her shoulders; her feet, whiter than monumental marble, were bare. She did not notice the crowd about her, but prayed fervently: her cheek was pale, but her eyes beamed; and in her face and person there was an indescribable mixture of timidity, with a firm reliance on the aid of a superior power. One of the monks bound her arms, and tied a scarf over her eyes: the shares, white with their excessive heat, were drawn from the fire with large tongs, and the monks crowded round, and fixed them in the furrows; the earth seemed to smoke with the heat as they were laid down.

"Then the barrier of the entrance to the inclosure was thrown down; the monks quitted it at the opposite end, and one of them with a loud voice, recommending Beatrice to the justice of God, bade her advance. Every heart beat fast; Castruccio, overcome by uncontrollable pity, would have darted forward to save her, but some one held him back; and in a moment, before the second beating of his heart, before he again drew breath, horror was converted to joy and wonder. Beatrice, her eyes covered, her arms bound, her feet bare, passed over the burning shares with a quick light step, and reaching the opposite barrier, fell on her knees, uttering an exclamation of thanksgiving to God. These were the first words she had spoken: they were followed by a long and deafening shout of triumph from the multitude, which now manifested its joy as wildly, as before they had painfully restrained

their pity and indignation. They were no longer to be contained by the palings of the inclosures; all was broken through and destroyed; the inquisitors had slunk away; and the Gascon troops galloped off from the ground.

"Immediately on the completion of her task, Beatrice had been unbound, and her capuchin was thrown over her; the noble ladies who were present crowded round her; she was silent and collected; her colour indeed was heightened by her internal agitation, and her limbs trembled with the exertion of her fortitude; but she commanded her countenance and spirits, and at least wore the appearance of serenity. She received the congratulations and respectful salutations of her friends with affectionate cordiality; while the air resounded with the triumphant *Te Deum* of the monks, and the people pressed around, awed, but joyful. They endeavoured to touch the garment of the newly declared saint; mothers brought her their sick children; the unhappy intreated for her prayers; and, however bashful and unwilling, she was obliged to bestow her blessing on all around. Suddenly a procession of nuns came forth from the garden-gate of the convent; covered with their long veils, and singing their hymns, they surrounded Beatrice, and led her, attended by the other ladies in company, to their cloisters, where her maternal friend the viscountess Marchesana waited to clasp her in her arms.

"Castruccio had already returned to the bishop; yet he came not so quickly, but that the news of the success of his Beatrice, passing from mouth to mouth, had reached him. His first emotions were joy, gratitude, and wonder; but these subsided; and the good old man kneeled humiliated, trembling and penitent, when he considered that God's name had been called on in vain, that his consecrated servants were perjured, and that falsehood was firmly established, on foundations where truth alone ought to rest. He listened to the account of Castruccio with interrupted exclamations and tears; and when it was ended, he exclaimed, 'This is the most miserable—the happiest day of my life!'

One beautiful definition of love, a short but sweetly touched Italian landscape, the last mention of Euthanasia, and our extracts are ended.

"It is said, that in love we idolize the object; and, placing him apart and selecting him from his fellow mortals, so do we separate ourselves, and, glorying in belonging to him alone, feel lifted above all other sensations, all other joys and griefs, to one hallowed circle from which all but his idea is banished; we walk as if a mist or some more potent charm divided us from all but him; a sanctified victim which none but the priest set apart for that office could touch and not pollute, enshrined in a cloud of glory, made glorious through beauties not our own. . . .

"It was the evening of a burning day; and the breeze that slightly waved the grass, and bended the ripe corn with its quick steps, was as a refreshing bath to the animals who panted under the stagnant air of the day. Amid the buzzing of the crickets and dragonflies, the agiolo's monotonous and regular cry told of clear skies and sunny weather;

the flowers were bending beneath the dew, and her acacia, now in bloom, crowning its fan-like foliage with a roseate crest, sent forth a sweet scent. A few of the latest fire-flies darted here and there, with bright green light; but it was July, and their season was well nigh past. Towards the sea, on the horizon, a faint lightning shewed the over-heated state of the atmosphere, and killed by its brightness the last glories of the orange sunset; the mountains were losing their various tints in darkness; and their vast amphitheatre looked like a ponderous unformed wall, closing in Lucca, whose lights glimmered afar off. . . .

"Nothing more was ever known of the Sicilian vessel which bore Euthanasia. It never reached its destined port, nor were any of those on board ever after seen. The sentinels who watched near Vado, a tower on the sea beach of the Maremma, found on the following day, that the waves had washed on shore some of the wrecks of a vessel; they picked up a few planks and a broken mast, round which, tangled with some of its cordage, was a white silk handkerchief, such a one as had bound the tresses of Euthanasia the night that she had embarked, and in its knot were a few golden hairs.

"She was never heard of more; even her name perished. She slept in the oozy cavern of the ocean; the sea-weed was tangled with her shining hair; and the spirits of the deep wondered that the earth had trusted so lovely a creature to the barren bosom of the sea, which, as an evil step-mother, deceives and betrays all committed to her care.

"Earth felt no change when she died; and men forgot her. Yet a lovelier spirit never ceased to breathe, nor was a lovelier form ever destroyed amidst the many it brings forth. Endless tears might well have been shed at her loss; yet for her none wept, save the piteous skies, which deplored the mischief they had themselves committed;—none moaned, except the sea-birds that flapped their heavy wings above the ocean-cave wherein she lay;—and the muttering thunder alone tolled her passing bell, as she quitted a life, which for her had been replete with change and sorrow."

We recommend the readers of this work to skim the commencement of the first volume, dwell on the history of Euthanasia, for its feeling; the history of her court, held four days, for its vivid picture of the manners of the age; read the whole of the second, skim again the beginning of the third, and we will leave the end to speak for itself.

Sequel to an Unfinished Manuscript of Henry Kirke White's: designed to illustrate the contrast afforded by Christians and Infidels at the close of life, &c. 12mo. pp. 142. London 1823. Whittakers. As example is stronger than precept, we could have wished that the author of this book had come into court with clean hands; for the world will pay little attention to the inculcations of a monitor, whose pious design is ushered in by a notorious literary fraud, and whose very title is dishonest. This is no Sequel to Henry Kirke White, and to call it so is an imposition upon the public:—exposing this fact, which destroys the whole credit of the work, we need hardly add, to aggravate the sentence, that it is a common-place compilation, contrasting the unauthenticated stories of infidel death-bed horrors and Christian death-bed raptures which have appeared in a hundred evangelical and other Magazines.

CAMPAN'S MEMOIRS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.
2 vols. 8vo. *Concluded.*

THE multitude of new books pressing upon us for attention, will divorce us sooner from these affecting yet delightful Memoirs than we at first intended: this must be our last notice. Pursuing those relations which throw light upon the amiable character of the beautiful and sorely afflicted Queen, we find her faithful attendant relating the following:—

"There was frequently seen in the gardens and the apartments at Versailles, a veteran captain of the grenadiers of France, called the chevalier d'Orville, who, during four years, had been soliciting of the minister of war a majority, or the post of King's lieutenant. He was known to be very poor; but he supported his lot without ever complaining of this vexatious delay in rewarding his honourable services. He attended regularly upon the marshal de Segur, at the hour appointed by the minister for receiving the numerous solicitations in his department. One day the marshal said to him: 'You are still at Versailles, M. d'Orville?'—'Sir,' replied this brave officer, 'you may observe that, by this board of the flooring where I regularly place myself; it is already worn down several lines by the weight of my body.' This reply was circulated at Versailles; I heard of it.

"The Queen frequently stood at the window of her bed-chamber, to observe with her glass the people who were walking in the park. Sometimes she inquired of her attendants the names of those whose persons were unknown to her. One day she saw the chevalier d'Orville passing, and asked me the name of that knight of Saint Louis, whom she had seen every where and for a long time past. I knew who he was, and related his history. 'That must be put an end to,' said the Queen, with some degree of vivacity. 'With all due deference to our court-patrons, such an example of indifference is calculated to discourage the military: a man may be extremely brave, and yet have no protector.' 'That affair will be settled whenever your majesty shall please to take it in hand,' I replied. 'Yes, yes,' said the Queen, without explaining herself further, and she turned her glass toward some other persons who were walking. The next day, in crossing the gallery to go to mass, the Queen perceived the chevalier d'Orville; she stopped, and went directly towards him. The poor man fell back in the recess of a window, looking to the right and left to discover the person towards whom the Queen was directing her steps, when she addressed him: 'M. d'Orville, you have been several years at Versailles, soliciting a majority or a King's lieutenantcy. You must have very powerless patrons.'—'I have none, madam,' replied the chevalier in great confusion. 'Well! I will take you under my protection. To-morrow at the same hour, be here with a petition, and a memorial of your services.' A fortnight after, M. d'Orville was appointed King's lieutenant, either at La Rochelle or at Rochefort."

"It seems that Louis XVI. vied with his Queen in benevolent actions of this kind. An old officer had in vain solicited a pension during the administration of the duke de Choiseul. He had returned to the charge in the times of the marquis de Monteynard, and the duke d'Aiguillon. He had urged his claims to count du Muy, who had made a note of them, with the best intentions in the world to serve him; but the effect

"The genuine sensibility of the Queen furnished her upon the instant with the most flattering and honourable expressions towards those she esteemed. When M. Loustouneau, first surgeon to the princes of France, was appointed to the reversion of the situation of M. Andouillé, first surgeon to the King, he came, at the Queen's breakfast hour, to make his acknowledgments. This worthy man was generally beloved at Versailles; he had devoted himself to an attention to the poorer class; and expended upon indigent invalids near thirty thousand francs a year. His excessive modesty could not prevent such extensive charities from eventually becoming known. After receiving from the benevolent Loustouneau the homage of his gratitude, the Queen said to him, 'You are satisfied, Sir, but I am far from being so with the inhabitants of Versailles. Upon the news of the favour the King has just conferred on you, the town should have been illuminated.'—And why so, madam?' said the first surgeon, with an air of anxious astonishment. 'Ah!' replied the Queen, in a tone of sensibility, 'if all the poor whom you have succoured for twenty years past, had but each placed a single candle in their window, it would have been the most beautiful illumination ever witnessed.'—"

"Marie Antoinette had no direct influence over state affairs until after the deaths of M. de Maurepas and M. de Vergennes, and the retreat of M. de Calonne. She frequently regretted her new situation, and looked upon it as a misfortune which she could not avoid. One day, while I was assisting her to tie up a number of memorials and reports, which some of the ministers had handed to her to be given to the King, 'Ah!' said she, sighing, 'there is an end of all happiness for me, since they have made an intriguer of me.' I censured the word. 'Yes,' resumed the Queen, 'that is the right term; every woman who meddles with affairs above her understanding, or out of her line of duty, is an intriguer and nothing else; you will remember, however, that it is not my own fault, and that it is with regret I give myself such a title; the Queens of France are happy only so long as they meddle with nothing, and merely preserve influence sufficient to advance their friends, and reward a few zealous servants. Do you know,' added that excellent princess, thus forced to act in spite of herself, in opposition to her principles, 'do did not correspond with the minister's wishes. Tired of so many fruitless efforts, he at last appeared at the King's supper, and having placed himself so as to be seen and heard, cried out, at a moment when silence prevailed, 'Sire.' The people near him said, 'What are you about? This is not the way to speak to the King.'—'I fear nothing,' said he, and raising his voice, repeated, 'Sire.' The King, much surprised, looked at him, and said, 'What do you want, Sir?'—'Sire,' answered he, 'I am seventy years of age; I have served your majesty more than fifty years, and I am dying for want.'—'Have you a memorial?' replied the King. 'Yes, Sire, I have.'—'Give it to me,' and his majesty took it without saying any thing more. The next morning, an exempt of the guards was sent by the King into the great gallery to look for the officer, who was walking there. The exempt said to him, 'The King desires to see you, Sir;' and he was immediately conducted into the King's closet. His majesty said, 'Sir, I grant you an annuity of 1500 livres out of my privy purse, and you may go and receive the first year's payment, which is become due.' (Secret Correspondence of the Court: Reign of Louis XVI.)

you know what happened to me lately? One day, since I began to attend private committees at the King's, while crossing the bull's eye, I heard one of the musicians of the chapel say, so loud that I lost not a single word, 'A Queen who does her duty will remain in her apartment to knit.' I said within myself, 'Poor creature, thou art right; but thou knowest not my situation; I yield to necessity and my unfortunate destiny.' This situation was the more painful to the Queen, inasmuch as Louis XVI. had long accustomed himself to say nothing to her respecting state affairs; and when, towards the close of his reign, she was obliged to interfere in the most important matters, the same closeness in the King frequently kept from her particulars which it was proper she should know. Obtaining, therefore, only partial information, and guided by persons more ambitious than skilful, the Queen could not be useful in the grand march of affairs; yet, at the same time, her ostensible interference drew upon her, from all parties and all classes of society, an unpopularity, the rapid progress of which alarmed all those who were sincerely attached to her."

No wonder that her own mind was deeply affected.

"The Queen went to bed late, or I should rather say, that this unfortunate princess began to lose the enjoyment of rest. One evening, about the latter end of May, she was sitting in the middle of her room, relating several remarkable occurrences of the day; four wax candles were placed upon her toilette; the first went out of itself; I relighted it: shortly afterwards the second, and then the third, went out also; upon which, the Queen, squeezing my hand with an emotion of terror, said to me: 'Misfortune has power to make us superstitious; if the fourth taper go out like the rest, nothing can prevent my looking upon it as a fatal omen.' The fourth taper went out."

A long story of Beaumarchais' opera of Figaro shows the near relation that may exist between a play and a revolution in Paris, and gives importance to the theatrical exhibitions of public feeling in that city. We regret that we can only refer to these curious details, Vol. i. 270 et seq.

The accounts of the breaking out of the revolution must be read with intense interest. The Dauphin is described as a fine child:

"He requested M. Bailly to show him the shield of Scipio, which is in the royal library; and M. Bailly, asking him which he preferred, Scipio or Hannibal, the young prince replied, without hesitation, that he preferred him who had defended his own country. He gave frequent proofs of ready wit. One day, while the Queen was hearing Madame repeat her exercises in ancient history, the young princess could not, at the moment, recollect the name of the queen of Carthage; the dauphin was hurt at his sister's want of memory, and though he never spoke to her in the second person singular, he bethought himself of the expedient of saying to her, 'But *dis donc*, the name of the queen, to mamma: *dis donc* what her name was.'—"

"Ontrages, and even mockery, were incessantly mingled with the audacious proceedings of the revolutionists: it was customary to give serenades under the King's

"The words *dis donc* (tell thou then) in French, have the same sound with *Dido* (*Dido*).—Trans."

windows on new year's day. The band of the National Guard repaired thither on that festival in 1791: in allusion to the liquidation of the debts of the state, decreed by the Assembly, they played solely, and repeatedly, that air from the comic opera of the *Debt*, the burthen of which is, *But our creditors are paid, and that makes us easy*.

"On the same day, some conquerors of the *Batille*, grenadiers of the Parisian guard, preceded by military music, came to present to the young dauphin, as a new year's gift, a box of dominoes, made of some of the stone and marble of which that state prison was built. The Queen gave me this inauspicious curiosity, desiring me to preserve it, as it would be a curious illustration of the history of the revolution. Upon the lid were engraved some bad verses; the purport of which was as follows: "Stones from those walls, which inclosed the innocent victims of arbitrary power, have been converted into a toy, to be presented to you, Monseigneur, as an homage of the people's love; and to teach you the extent of their power."

As the fury of the storm increased after the royal family were forced back to Paris, fresh indignities were daily heaped on these unfortunates.

"The orders by which all the women attached to the Queen's service were kept out, were broken by the people, in a manner which shews that sudden change which striking circumstances never fail to effect in mobs. On the day when the return of the unfortunate travellers was expected, there were no carriages in motion in the streets of Paris. Five or six of the Queen's women, after being refused admittance at all the other gates, went with one of my sisters, who had the honour to be attached to her majesty, to that of the Feuillans, earnestly insisting that the sentinel should admit them. The poissards attacked them for their boldness in resisting the orders. One of them seized my sister by the arm, calling her slave of the Austrian. 'Hear me,' said my sister to her, firmly, and in the true accent of the feeling which inspired her; 'I have been attached to the Queen ever since I was fifteen years of age; she portioned me, and married me; I served her when she was powerful and happy. She is now unfortunate! Ought I to abandon her?'—She is right," cried these furies; "she ought not to abandon her mistress; let us make a passage for them." They instantly surrounded the sentinel, forced the passage, and introduced the Queen's women, accompanying them to the terrace of the Feuillans. One of these furies, whom the slightest impulse would have driven to tear my sister to pieces, then taking her under her protection, gave her some advice, by which she might reach the palace in safety. 'But of all things, my dear friend,' said she to her, 'pull off that green ribbon sash; it is the sash of that d'Artois, whom we will never forgive.'

We have no room to enter upon the subjects as the revolution approached its crisis. We can only copy a little of the conclusion:

"The situation of the royal family was so horrid, during the months which immediately preceded the 10th of August, that the Queen was worked up to long for the coming of the crisis, whatever might be its issue. She frequently said, that a long confinement in a tower by the sea side, would seem to her less intolerable, than those feuds in which the weakness of her party daily announced an inevitable catastrophe.

"Not only were their majesties prevented from breathing the open air, but they were also insulted at the very foot of the altar. The Sunday before the last day of the monarchy, while the royal family went through the gallery to the chapel, half the soldiers of the national guard exclaimed, *Long live the King!* and the other half, *No, no King! down with the Veto!* and on that day, at vespers, the choristers preconcerted to increase the loudness of their voices three-fold in an alarming manner, when they chanted the words *Deposuit potentes de sede in the Magnificat*. Incensed at such an infamous proceeding, the royalists, in their turn, thrice exclaimed, *Es regnans*, after the *Domine saluum fac regem*: the tumult during the whole time of divine service was excessive.

"At length arrived that terrible night of the 10th of August. . . .

"The tocsin sounded at midnight. The Swiss were drawn up like real walls; and, in the midst of their soldier-like silence, which formed a striking contrast with the perpetual din of the town guard, the King informed M. de J***, an officer of the staff, of the plan of defence laid down by general Viomenil. M. de J*** said to me, after this private conference, 'Put your jewels and money into your pockets; our dangers are unavoidable; the means of defence are unavailing; safety might be obtained from some degree of energy in the King, but that is the only virtue in which he is deficient.'

"An hour after midnight, the Queen and madame Elizabeth said they would lie down on a sofa in a closet in the *entresols*, the windows of which commanded the court-yard of the Tuilleries.

"The Queen told me, the King had just refused to put on his quilted under-waistcoat; that he had consented to wear it on the 14th of July, because he was merely going to a ceremony, where the blade of an assassin was to be apprehended: but that, on a day on which his party might fight against the revolutionists, he thought there was something cowardly in preserving his life by such means.

"During this time, madame Elizabeth disengaged herself of some of her clothing which encumbered her, in order to lie down on the sofa: she took a cornelian pin out of her tippet, and before she laid it down on the table, she showed it to me, and desired me to read a motto engraved upon it, round a stalk of lilies. The words were, *Oblivion of injuries—pardon for offences*. 'I much fear,' added that virtuous princess, 'this maxim has but little influence among our enemies; but it ought not to be less dear to us on that account.'

"The princess did not take this precious trinket when she quitted the Queen's *entresol*. Into what hands did it fall? It would adorn the richest treasury.

"The exalted piety of Madame Elizabeth gave to all she said and did a noble character, descriptive of that of her soul. On the day on which this worthy descendant of Saint Louis was sacrificed, the executioner, in tying her hands behind her back, raised up one of the ends of her handkerchief in front. Madame Elizabeth, with calmness, and with a voice which seemed not to come from the earth, said to him: 'In the name of modesty, cover my bosom.' I learned this trait of heroism from Madame de Serilly, who was condemned the same day as the princess, but who obtained a respite at the moment of the execution. Madame de Montmorin, her relation, declaring that her cousin was pregnant."

"The Queen desired me to sit down by her; the two princesses could not sleep; they were conversing mournfully upon their situation, when a musket was discharged in the court-yard. They both quitted the sofa, saying, 'There is the first shot, unfortunately it will not be the last; let us go up to the King.' The Queen desired me to follow her; several of her women went with me.

"At four o'clock, the Queen came out of the King's chamber, and told us she had no longer any hope; that M. Mandat, who had gone to the Hotel de Ville, to receive further orders, had just been assassinated; and that the people were at that time carrying his head about the streets. Day came; the King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, Madame, and the Dauphin, went down to pass through the ranks of the sections of the national guard: the cry of *Vive le Roi!* was heard from a few places. I was at a window on the garden side; I saw some of the gunners quit their posts, go up to the King, and thrust their fists in his face, insulting him by the most brutal language. Messieurs de Salvert and M. de Briges, drove them off in a spirited manner. The King was as pale as a corpse. The royal family came in again; the Queen told me that all was lost; that the King had shewn no energy; and that this sort of review had done more harm than good."

Here we must draw the line: the catastrophe is too painful to be contemplated in mutilated extracts, which would exhibit its horrid atrocities without the abating interest of connecting narration. But our abruptness must be the more pardonable, as the work itself will be universally read.

LAS CASES' JOURNAL.

THE new Volumes, to which we called early attention in our last week's publication, supply us with many themes for further notice; and from the medley way in which they are brought forward, compel us also to a completely miscellaneous form.

Varying with our text, we now come to anecdotes of a different kind from any before related:

"On one occasion, when he (Bonaparte) returned to the Tuilleries, which had been magnificently fitted up during his absence, the individuals who attended him eagerly drew his attention to all the new furniture and decorations. After expressing his satisfaction at every thing he saw, he walked up to a window overhung with a rich curtain, and asking for a pair of scissors, he cut off a superb gold acorn which was suspended from the drapery, and coolly putting it into his pocket he continued his inspection to the great astonishment of all present, who were unable to guess his motive. Some days afterwards, at his levee, he drew the acorn from his pocket and gave it to the individual who superintended the furnishing of the palace. 'Here,' said he, 'Heaven forbid that I should think you rob me; but some one has doubtless robbed you. You have paid for this at the rate of one-third above its value. They have dealt with you as though you had been the steward of a great nobleman. You would have made a better bargain if you had not been known.' The fact was, that Napoleon having walked out one morning in disguise (as he was often in the habit of doing,) visited some of the shops in the Rue Saint Denis, where he priced ornaments similar to that which he had cut from the curtain, and enquired the value of various articles of furniture like those pre-

vided for the palace, and thus, as he said, he arrived at the result in its simplest form. Every one knew his habits in this respect. These, he said, were his grand plans for ensuring domestic economy, which, notwithstanding his extreme magnificence, was carried to the utmost degree of precision and regularity.

"In spite of his numerous occupations he himself revised all his accounts; but he had his own method of doing this, and they were always made out to him in their details. He would cast his eye on the first article, sugar for example, and finding some millions of pounds set down, he would take a pen, and say to the person who drew up the accounts: 'How many individuals are there in my household?'—'Sire, so many' (and it was necessary to give the answer immediately).—'And how many pounds of sugar do you suppose they consume per day on an average?'—'Sire, so many.—He immediately made his calculation, and having satisfied himself, he would give back the paper, saying, 'Sir, I have doubled your estimate of the daily consumption, and yet you are enormously beyond the mark. Your account is faulty. Make it out again, and let me have greater correctness.' This reproof would be sufficient to establish the strictest regularity."

Recurring to the Egyptian expedition, the Count assures us that his Master had "received presents from the Queen of Darfour, and had sent her some in return. Had he remained longer, he intended to have carried to a great extent our geographical investigations in the northern district of Africa, and that too by the simplest means, merely by placing in each caravan some intelligent officers, for whom he would have procured hostages."

The following is a striking story, and bears strong marks of probability. Buonaparte (says his biographer),

"Conversed familiarly, until dinner-time, on various subjects relating to his family and his minutest domestic affairs during the period of his power. He dwelt particularly on the Empress Josephine. 'They lived together,' he said, 'like a private citizen and his wife. They were most affectionate and united, having for a long period occupied but one chamber and one bed. These are circumstances,' said the Emperor, 'which exercise great influence over the happiness of a family, securing the reputation of the wife and the confidence of the husband, and preserving union and good conduct on both sides. A married couple,' continued he, 'may be said never to lose sight of one another, when they pass the night together; but otherwise they soon become estranged. Thus, as long as this practice was continued, none of my thoughts or actions escaped the notice of Josephine. She observed, seized, and comprehended every thing. This circumstance was sometimes not altogether without its inconvenience to myself and to public affairs; but while we were at the camp of Boulogne, a moment of ill-humour put an end to this state of things.' Certain political events which had occurred at Vienna, together with the report of the coalition which took place in 1805, had occupied the attention of the First Consul throughout the whole of the day, and a great part of the night. He retired to bed not in very good spirits, and he found Josephine in a violent rage at his long absence. Jealousy was the real or pretended cause of this ill-humour. Napoleon grew

angry in his turn; threw off the yoke of subjection, and could never be brought to submit to it again. At the time of his second marriage, the Emperor was fearful lest Maria Louisa might exact similar obedience, for in that case he must have yielded. It is the true right and privilege of a wife, he observed.

"A son by Josephine," continued the Emperor, 'would have completed my happiness, not only in a political point of view, but as a source of domestic felicity.

"As a political result, it would have secured to me the possession of the throne; the French people would have been as much attached to the son of Josephine as they were to the King of Rome; and I should not have set my foot on an abyss covered with a bed of flowers. But how vain are all human calculations! Who can pretend to decide on what may lead to happiness or unhappiness in this life!

"Still I cannot help believing that such a pledge of our union would have proved a source of domestic felicity; it would have put an end to the jealousy of Josephine, by which I was continually harassed, and which after all was the offspring of policy rather than of sentiment. Josephine despaired of having a child, and she in consequence looked forward with dread to the future. She was well aware that no marriage is perfect without children; and at the period of her second nuptials, there was no longer any probability of her becoming a mother. In proportion as her fortune advanced, her alarm increased. She availed herself of every resource of medicine; and sometimes almost persuaded herself that her remedies had proved successful. When at length she was compelled to renounce all hope, she suggested to her husband the expediency of resorting to a great political deception; and she even went so far as directly to propose the adoption of such a measure."

"Josephine possessed in an eminent degree the taste for luxury, gaiety, and extravagance, natural to creoles. It was impossible to regulate her expenditure; she was constantly in debt; and thus there was always a grand dispute when the day of payment arrived. She was frequently known to direct her tradesmen to send in only half their accounts. Even at the Island of Elba, Josephine's bills came pouring in upon me from all parts of Italy."

"Some one who knew the Empress Josephine at Martinique, communicated to the Emperor many particulars relative to her family and her youthful days. During her childhood, it was several times predicted that she would wear a crown. Another circumstance no less curious and remarkable is, that the phial, containing the holy oil used at the coronation of the Kings of France, is said to have been broken by Josephine's first husband, General Beauharnais, who, at a moment when the tide of popular favour was running against him, hoped by this means to re-establish his credit."

"During the reign of terror," said the Emperor, Josephine was thrown into prison, while her husband perished on the scaffold. Her son Eugène was bound an apprentice to a joiner, which trade he actually learned. Hortense had no better prospects. She was, if I mistake not, sent to learn the business of a sempstress."

"Fonché was the first who ventured to touch the fatal string of the Imperial divorce. He took upon himself, without any instructions, to advise Josephine to dissolve her marriage for the welfare of France. Na-

poleon, however, conceived that the proper moment had not yet arrived. The step taken by Fonché was a source of great vexation and trouble: it very much displeased the Emperor, and if he did not dismiss Fonché, at the earnest solicitation of Josephine, it was because he had himself secretly determined on the divorce, and he did not wish by thus punishing his minister, to give any check to public opinion on the subject.

"However, it is but justice to observe that as soon as the Emperor showed himself resolved on the divorce, Josephine consented to it. It cost her, it is true, a severe sacrifice; but she submitted without murmuring, and without attempting to avail herself of those obstacles which she might, however uselessly, have opposed to the measure."

"Josephine would willingly have seen Maria Louisa. She frequently spoke of her with great interest, as well as of the young King of Rome. Maria Louisa, on her part, behaved wonderfully well to Eugène and Hortense; but she manifested the utmost dislike and even jealousy of Josephine. 'I wished one day to take her to Malmaison,' said the Emperor; 'but she burst into tears when I made the proposal. She said she did not object to my visiting Josephine, only she did not wish to know it. But whenever she suspected my intention of going to Malmaison, there was no stratagem which she did not employ for the sake of annoying me. She never left me; and as these visits seemed to vex her exceedingly, I did violence to my own feelings, and scarcely ever went to Malmaison. Still, however, when I did happen to go, I was sure to encounter a flood of tears, and a multitude of contrivances of every kind. Josephine always kept in view the example of the wife of Henry IV. who, as she observed, lived in Paris, visited the court, and attended the coronation after her divorce. But she remarked that her own situation was still preferable, for she already had children of her own, and could not hope to have more."

"Josephine possessed a perfect knowledge of all the different shades of the Emperor's character, and she evinced the most exquisite tact in turning this knowledge to the best account. 'For example,' said the Emperor, 'she never solicited any favour for Eugène, or thanked me for any that I conferred on him. She never even showed any additional complaisance or assiduity at the moment when the greatest honours were lavished on him. Her grand aim was to prove that all this was my affair, and not hers, and that it tended to my advantage. Doubtless she entertained the idea that one day or other I would adopt Eugène as my successor."

Other relations about the Imperial family are equally curious, perhaps equally true:

"Josephine," continued the Emperor, 'ranked the qualities of submission, obedience, and complaisance in her sex, on a level with political address; and she often condemned the conduct of her daughter Hortense and her relation Stephanie, who lived on very bad terms with their husbands, frequently indulging in caprice, and pretending to assert their independence.

"Louis," said the Emperor, 'had been spoiled by reading the works of Rousseau. He contrived to agree with his wife only for a few months. There were faults on both sides. On the one hand, Louis was too teasing in his temper, and on the other Hortense was too volatile. They were attached to each other at the time of their marriage, which

was agreeable to their mutual wishes. The union was, however, contrived by Josephine, who had her own views in promoting it. I, on the contrary, would rather have extended my connexion with other families, and for a moment I had an idea of forming a union between Louis and a niece of M. de Talleyrand, who was afterwards Madame Juste de Noailles.

"The most ridiculous reports were circulated respecting an improper intercourse between Napoleon and Hortense, and it was even affirmed that the latter had had a child by the Emperor. 'Such a connexion,' said he, 'would have been wholly repugnant to my ideas; and those who knew any thing of the morality of the Tuileries, must be aware that I need not have been reduced to so unnatural and revolting a choice. Louis knew perfectly well the value to which these reports were entitled; but his vanity and irritability of temper were nevertheless offended by them, and he frequently alluded to them as a ground for reproaching his wife.

"But Hortense," continued the Emperor, 'the virtuous, the generous, the devoted Hortense, was not entirely faultless in her conduct towards her husband. This I must acknowledge in spite of all the affection I bore her, and the sincere attachment which I am sure she entertained for me. Though Louis' whimsical humours were in all probability sufficiently teasing, yet he loved Hortense; and in such a case a woman should learn to subdue her own temper, and endeavour to return her husband's attachment. Had she acted in the way most conducive to her interests, she might have avoided her late lawsuit, secured happiness to herself, and followed her husband to Holland. Louis would not then have fled from Amsterdam; and I should not have been compelled to unite his kingdom to mine, a measure which contributed to ruin my credit in Europe. Many other events might also have taken a different turn.

"The Princess of Baden," continued the Emperor, 'pursued a wiser course. On witnessing Josephine's divorce, she recollected her own situation, and used every endeavour to gain her husband's affections. They were afterwards a most happy couple.

"Pauline was too careless and extravagant. She might have been immensely rich considering all that I gave her; but she gave all away in her turn. Her mother frequently lectured her on this subject, and told her that she would die in some house of charity. Madame, however, carried her parsimony to a most ridiculous extreme. I offered to furnish her with a very considerable monthly income, on condition that she would spend it. She on the other hand was very willing to receive the money, provided she were permitted to hoard it up. This arose not so much from covetousness as excess of foresight; all her fear was that she might one day be reduced to beggary. She had known the horrors of want, and they now constantly haunted her imagination. It is however but just to acknowledge, that she gave a great deal to her children in secret."

(To be continued.)

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S EXPEDITION.

A contradiction of the account in our last Number relative to this interesting Expedition has appeared in several of the daily

papers; but as we have heard nothing from any official authority on the subject, we are inclined to place confidence in the reports which reached us, and which were derived from a source than which there is none better entitled to credit in the kingdom. From the language which we employed in communicating the Intelligence, it must have been evident that the facts stated were vouched with some degree of doubt, though we very naturally fell into the sanguine and gratifying hopes they were so well calculated to excite. If in this we have run any risk of causing severe disappointment to the relations and friends of our gallant Countrymen engaged in the arduous service, we can only say that our own disappointment will be equally bitter; but one of the contradictions, insinuating that our motive was cruel towards these parties, is unworthy of any answer. We are not in the habit of inserting the slightest matters without as far as possible investigating their truth, and had we not had good grounds for the statement in question, we should not have ventured to publish it. We know not what reasons may exist elsewhere for concealing or keeping back the news.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

DR. ROGET, in his second Lecture, gave an account of the Physiology of the lower orders of Zoophytes. Systematic authors, he observed, who treat professedly of the natural history of animals, usually commence their inquiries with Man; and assuming the structure and functions of the human body as the standard of comparison, consider the tribes of inferior animals in the order of their proximity to this standard. But Comparative Physiology is best elucidated by following the scale of gradation in the ascending, rather than in the descending order. Dr. ROGET proposes, accordingly, to begin with the consideration of Zoophytes, which present the simplest modes of organization and of functions compatible with life; and to trace afterwards, in succession, the additions of new organs, and the gradually increasing refinements of structure, which accompany the development of higher and more perfect faculties. These continual additions form so many progressive links in the immense chain of beings, extending from the living microscopic atom to the colossal elephant,—from the half-vegetating polypus to the elaborate structure of man. This order, it was remarked, appears to coincide with that of Nature herself in the formation of the Animal world. Such at least is the result of an accurate survey of the organic remains that are met with in such abundance in the bowels of the earth. From the geological position of the strata in which these fossils are imbedded, it may be inferred that the creation of the vegetable kingdom preceded that of animals; that the first races of animals with which the earth was peopled, were zoophytes and mollusca; that these were followed, at a subsequent period, by enormous marine reptiles; and that to these again succeeded terrestrial and fresh-water amphibia; and lastly, terrestrial quadrupeds. That the human race was the last in the order of creation is attested by the absence of all traces of human bones among these strata.

Dr. ROGET next pointed out the strong analogies which subsist between Zoophytes and Vegetables, both in the mode in which each individual is developed, and in which a great number of individuals are aggregated

round a common stem. In the disposition of their organs also they assume a radiated or star-like form; thus retaining the character of symmetry so remarkable in plants, but which is not observed in the conformation of other classes of animals. Water is the natural residence of zoophytes, as well as of all animals distinguished by the simplicity of their organization among those groups constructed on the same model. The essential characters of polypi were then examined. The *Hydra viridis*, which has been the subject of so many curious researches, was assumed as the type of this tribe of animals. Its structure was described as consisting of a cylindrical tube, tapering at one end, where it is closed, but open at the other for the reception of food, and provided with a circular row of tentacula, for the purpose of laying hold of its prey and conveying it into the mouth. The peculiar condition of muscular contractibility and of nervous power, residing in textures so different from those of the higher orders of animals, was inquired into. Their faculties of sensation, their mode of progression, and their peculiar powers of nutrition, affected by the gradual transudation of nutritious matter through the substance of the body, were next examined.

The existence of an internal cavity expressly appropriated to the reception and digestion of food, is a character peculiarly distinguishing the structure of animals from that of plants, and is the foundation of essential differences in the economy and faculties of these two orders of living beings. In plants, which derive their nourishment from the simplest kinds of matter, and absorb it immediately from the surrounding elements, these materials are admitted at once into the vessels, because they require no previous elaboration. The plant belongs in some measure to the spot on which it grows, for its roots strike into the soil on every side, and the earth around which they spread may almost be considered as part of its own system. Animals, on the other hand, having a higher destination, and being formed for the exercise of more active powers, are organized with a view to locomotion. Their nourishment, indeed, like that of plants, passes into the vessels by slow degrees, but it is immediately derived from within. A cavity, or stomach, is provided for the reception of a considerable supply of nourishment, and for its preparation and adaptation to the purposes of the system. The proper absorbing roots of the animal take their rise from the inner surface of the stomach: thus all its organs are within itself; it is able to subsist for a considerable time without any fresh supply, and is therefore not dependent on local situation.

Dr. ROGET next gave an account of Mr. Trembley's experiments on the inversion of polypi, from which the uniformity of texture and of function of every part of these animals may be inferred. The various mutilations and sections that may be made of their bodies illustrate the astonishing powers they possess of repairing injuries, and of reproducing the parts that had been removed. Examples were given, showing the facility with which the parts of different individuals may be engrafted on another polypus, so as to compose living monsters more complicated than the idols in Hindoo temples. These facts, so analogous to those which are met with among plants, prove that this order of animals occupies a place very near to the vegetable kingdom.

The similarity is still greater in those polypli which are formed to assemble in natural clusters, constituting by their union a compound animal. Some of these, as the *Pennsula* and the *Vertilla*, are not attached to any fixed body, but float in the sea, having a singular power of progressive motion by the concurring actions of each individual polyplous composing the group. The discoveries made by Cuvier, of canals, by which a free communication is effected between the stomach of each polyplous, and corresponding vessels from those of the neighbouring polypli, were stated, and illustrated by a diagram representing the net-work of vessels occupying the whole mass of the stem, which resulted from their union; so that the food digested by each polyplous becomes the common property of the republic, and nourishes not only that individual, but also all the others that compose it.

The greater number of aggregated polypli are immovably fixed to some hard and solid substance, such as rocks and stones at the bottom of the sea. All the immense variety of zoophytes which are comprehended under the names of tubipores, madrepores, corallines, and millepores, consist of different kinds of stems, or bases, formed around each polyplous, and of which the figure is modified according to the mode in which their progeny are collected and arranged around the parent stock. In another order the individual polypli are imbedded in a layer of gelatinous substance, which is itself supported by a calcareous, horny, or membranous stem, arising from accumulated depositions of each succeeding generation of polypli. This stem, or axis, is exceedingly thick and hard in the coral tribes: it is jointed, or alternately membranous and stony, in the *Isis*. *Corallines* consist of cells, which follow one another like a string of beads, each cell containing its respective polyplous. The cells of the *Flustra*, which are the habitations of minute polypli, are arranged in rows like the cells of a honey-comb. In the *Alcyonium* and *Sponge* the form of the polypli is scarcely distinguishable from the thin layer of animal jelly which unites them, and is spread over the flexible membranous base.

Dr. ROGER then entered into a history of the progress of discovery in this branch of Zoology, which has of late acquired considerable importance from its connexion with Geology. It appears that these minute and apparently insignificant races have in reality had a prodigious influence in the formation of islands, and their gradual extension into large tracts of land. The minuteness of each individual polyplous is compensated by their incalculable numbers, their rapid multiplication, and their diffusion over every part of the ocean, especially within the tropics. These agents continue to this day to be in incessant operation in the South Seas and the Indian Archipelago. They are less observable in the European seas and in the Atlantic, except in the vicinity of the West Indian islands, where their effects are very conspicuous. In the Red Sea also, and on the eastern shores of Africa, the growth of coral is found to be excessively rapid.

Dr. ROGER concluded this Lecture by some remarks on the origin of the calcareous matter which is secreted by these animals, and constitutes the solid basis on which they are supported. The source whence this is obtained is involved in considerable obscurity. An analogous question, he observed, had

been proposed with regard to the source of the azote which exists in herbivorous animals, and which is not found in the vegetable food from which they derive their sustenance,—a question equally interesting and difficult of solution.

POMPEY'S PILLAR.

Baron Von Zach's Observations on the Letter of Capt. G. H. Smyth.

[Vid. Literary Gazette, No. 319.]

As to the history of the Pillar, it is certain that no ancient writer has called it Pompey's Pillar. The prevailing opinion is, that Alexander the Great built the city of Alexandria three hundred years before our era; but a city of Alexandria in Egypt is mentioned long before the time of that conqueror;—the Prophets in the Old Testament speak of it (Jeremiah, c. 46. v. 25.—Ezekiel, c. 30. v. 14 and 16—Nahum, c. 8. v. 8.) It is indeed only in the Latin translation that this city is called Alexandria; in the Hebrew text we find it called No-Ammon, which has been metamorphosed into Alexandria. According to Diodorus, the length of this city was above twelve miles, and it had a population of three hundred thousand souls. The ancient writers are very diffuse in their description of its buildings, amphitheatres, temples, obelisks, pillars, &c. Of all these wonders only two obelisks remain, one standing, and the other lying on the ground, both known by the name of Cleopatra's Needles; and the beautiful granite Pillar, to which, without any reason, the names of Pompey, Severus, Adrian, and Diocletian have been given. The celebrated lighthouse, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus two hundred and fifty years before our era, has long since disappeared; in its place a tower was built, which is called *Le Grand-Pharillon*,* which serves as a lighthouse. I know not where John Baptist Porta found that King Ptolemy caused a mirror, or rather a telescope, to be placed in this lighthouse, by means of which he could perceive and distinguish ships at a distance of six hundred miles.† No ancient writer mentions it.

I have observed in another place,‡ that the ancients were acquainted with the microscope, but not with the telescope. Seneca expresses himself very clearly respecting the greater, longer, broader, plainer, and more beautiful appearance which objects may receive by certain contrivances, but he never makes use of the expression *bringing nearer*, which characterizes the telescope. No ancient writer speaks of it.

* *Le Petit Pharillon* stands on the other side of the new entrance to the new harbour, where only Christian ships enter; the old harbour receives the Musselman ships.

† *Diximus de Ptolomeo speculo, sive specillo potius, quo per sexcenta millia perennientes naves conspiciantur.*—J. B. Porta, Mag. nat. xvii. 11.

‡ Monthly Astronomical Correspondence, vol. 8. p. 42.

§ *Poma per vitrum adspicientibus multo majora sunt. Columnarum intervalla porticos longiores jungunt. Littere quævis minuta et obscura per vitream pilam aqua plenam, majores claresque cernuntur. Poma formosiora quam sint, videntur si innant vitro. Sidera ampliora per nubem adspicienti videntur. Quidquid videtur per humorem, longe amplius vero est. Quod mirum, majorem reddi imaginem solis, quæ in nube humida videtur, cum de causis duabus hoc accidat? Quia in nube est aliquid vitro simile, quod potest perlicere, est aliquid et aqua, etc.*—Quæst. nat. Lib. 1.

The celebrated English monk, Roger Bacon, was much nearer to it four centuries before the discovery of the telescope, when in his book *De Mirabilis Potestate Artis et Nature*, he exclaims in a prophetic spirit, "For they may be made in such a manner, that an object at the greatest distance appears quite near; by this means we read, at an incredible distance, the smallest letters, and can discern the most trifling object." Here we have a perfect description of the telescope, which was only in Bacon's imagination; but when he adds, "It was believed that Julius Cæsar, standing on the sea-shore, saw by means of prodigious mirrors the order and position of the camp and the British cities," we are inclined to believe that such a bubble could only have proceeded from the lively imagination of a monk.

Heinrich Salmuth, indeed, in his Observations on the Italian writer Pancirole,* attempts to carry back the discovery of the telescope to remote antiquity, and supports his opinion upon two passages of Pliantus. In the *Castellaria* (act 1. sc. 1. 93) it is said, "As I was going home I was secretly followed with the telescope" (conspicilio). And in the fragment of the comedy of *The Physician*, we have, "Looking through the telescope I perceived a cloak." But Nonnius, and other commentators on this poet, understand by *conspicilio* a place from which one might see without being seen, like our lattice windows. Farther particulars relative to the discovery of the telescope by the ancients, may be found in the Monthly Astronomical Correspondence, vol. 8. p. 42—vol. 23. p. 600—vol. 24. p. 83—vol. 25. p. 392.

In the year 1798, the Pillar of Alexandria was ascended by the French by means of a kite, and a cap of liberty hoisted on the top. It is of beautiful red granite, and made of a single piece, from the pedestal to the capital; but from the indifferent workmanship it may be conjectured that architecture had not attained, at that time, the perfection it acquired afterwards. The pedestal was found to be too small, too low, and without the right proportions. The Pillar is of the Corinthian order, in very good preservation, except the south and south-east side, where it is rather injured, probably in consequence of the high winds which blow from that quarter the greater part of the year. It has also sunk a little to the south-west. The French repaired the pedestal, which was injured by the stupid avarice of an Arab, who fancied there were hidden treasures in it, and tried to blow up the Pillar, in which he happily failed.

We must not wonder at the very different measures which various travellers, Norden, Pococke, Tott, Savary, Volney, &c. give us of this Pillar; accurate measurement with a rope can be obtained only by those who have ascended it. Such, besides Captain

* *Itarum memorabilium jam nimis deperditum, et recens inventarum, etc.*—Ambergæ, 1599—1602; two vols. in 8vo. Salmuth translated this book from the Italian. There is also a French translation by P. de la Nöue. Lyons, 1617; two vols. in 12mo. Pancirole was born at Reggio, the birth-place of Ariosto, and wrote his book at Turin, whither he was invited from Padua by Philibert Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy. The air of Turin, however, was so injurious to his health that he lost one eye, and was in danger of losing the other, when he returned to Padua, where he died in the year 1599. For this and other reasons, the climate of Turin was never favourable to astronomers.

Smyth, are the French engineers, whose statements are as follow :

Height of the Pedestal, 10 ft. 0 in. Paris measure.

Socle,	5	6
Shaft,	63	1
Capital,	9	10

Total, 88 5

which makes ninety-four feet two inches, London measure, which differs five feet from Captain Smyth. This difference may proceed from the pedestal, and from the alteration in the height of the surface of the soil within these twenty-four years. The Diocletian Greek inscription, as completed by Mr. Hayter, is to the following effect : " To Diocletian the Great, the Most Venerable Emperor, the Patron God of Alexandria, Pontius, Governor of Egypt, dedicates this monument.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Feb. 22.—On Thursday last, the following Degrees were conferred :—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Wilkin Stephens, St. Mary Hall, and Rev. J. Gould, Balliol College, grand compounders ; Rev. J. T. Round, Fellow of Balliol College ; Rev. F. Winstanley, St. Alban Hall ; Rev. Joshua Stratton and Rev. J. Walker, Chaplains of New College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Rev. T. Wilkinson, Queen's College, incorporated from Dublin ; D. S. Stone, Exeter College ; T. Littlehales, Student of Christ Church ; L. Tugwell, Brasenose College.

Yesterday the Rev. James Buchanan, of Wadhams Coll. was admitted Master of Arts.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 22.—The following gentlemen were on Wednesday admitted to Degrees :

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. T. Turner, of Trinity. *Master of Arts.*—Rev. J. Jones, of St. John's. *Bachelor in Civil Law.*—Rev. C. Grant, of St. Peter's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—S. Hazelwood, of St. John's College ; T. Scott Scrutton, of Christ College.

Members' Prizes.—The subjects for the present year are, for the

Senior Bachelors.—*Quænam sunt Ecclesiæ Legibus Stabilite Beneficia, et Quâ Ratione maxime Promovenda?*

Middle Bachelors.—*Qui Fructus Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ Studiosis percipiendi sunt.*

Poison Prize.—The passage fixed upon for the present year, is—Shakespeare, *H. v. viii.*, Act v. Scene vi., beginning with " This Royal Infant, " &c. and ending with " And so stand fix'd." The metre to be *Tragicum Iambicum Trimeterum Acatalecticum.*

FINE ARTS.

Westall's Illustrations of Crabbe's Poems.
J. Murray.

Among the charming publications of the Fine Arts which are submitted to our notice, we have not recently seen aught more interesting in subject, or more beautiful in execution, than the work the title of which we have given above. The Engravings upon our table are thirty-one in number ; and to avoid the tediousness of detail upon so many single Prints, we shall beg leave to select such specimens only as afford sufficient data for needful remark. Mr. Westall frequently appears somewhat of a mannerist ; and when we reflect upon the multitude of his inventions for the illustration of books, we shall rather be surprised that he has not oftener repeated himself, than offended by his occasional coincidences. Here, however, the dissimilarity

of the poet's characters and images has led to like dissimilarity in the painter ; and we observe with satisfaction that Mr. Westall never exercised a better judgment in the variety, as well as in the general conception of his designs. Feeling and pathos alternate with whim and humour, and we turn from all the sad reality of lowly life in distress, to the comic incidents of comfort and sportiveness. For instance, from " The Borough :

" I go, he said ; but as he spoke, she found His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound ; Then gazed affrightened ; but she caught a last, A dying look of love—and all was past !

The dying man is seated on the chair, his eyes closing in death, and its stamp upon every feature, while his miserable wife clasps his hand in an agony of watchfulness and despair. Luxuriant foliage about the humble hut forms a melancholy contrast to the last sad scene of human wretchedness. A similar subject, with a female sufferer, occurs from Tale VIII. ; while a pleasant variation is offered in the grotesque Doctor and his puzzled Patient taking medicine :

" I feel it not "—" Then take it every hour ; "

" It makes me worse "—" Why, then it shows its power."

Borough.

And another (same Poem) which represents the dying Toper having just tossed off a bumper, a jolly friend smoking contentedly by his side, another standing up in convivial merriment, and the astonished nurse presenting the physic-cup in utter dismay :

" I go," he said, " but still my friends shall say,

" 'Twas as a man—I did not sneak away ;

An honest life with worthy souls I've spent,—

Come, fill my glass ; " he took it, and he went.

This is very happily hit off, and the waning moon at the casement, and all the accessories accord in composing a clever piece, which is also admirably engraved, as indeed all these are, by Mr. C. Heath.

A yet merrier piece is the Card Party : There, there's your money ; but while I have life, I'll never more sit down with man and wife.

We do not remember any thing of the Artist in so entirely a comic vein, preserving at the same time the most characteristic expression, with all the effect of caricature and all the truth of nature. The Schoolmistress is another excellent print. The rod is on the eve of requisition, and while the urchin, blubbing under the fool's cap, may anticipate the certain infliction, it is exemplary to behold with what marvellous industry its companions can their tasks. The Boy (Tales of the Hall) reading his Latin exercises to the Butler and Cook, is a capital fellow to the preceding ; but perhaps the greatest effort of art at expression is in embodying the following :

My father's look was one I seldom saw,
It gave no pleasure, nor created awe ;
It was the kind of cool contemptuous smile
Of witty persons overcharged with bile.

To picture this, it must be confessed, was a very difficult task, but Mr. Westall has completely accomplished it. Both figures are just what the imagination would conceive.

The Miserly Brother finding his brother dead on his bed, when rushing in to chide him, is a fearful lesson, and strikingly told. We are almost relieved by taking our eyes from it to the Sullen Justice and his Clerk swearing the luckless—Maiden, we were going to say ; but we adopt the author's more correct, on account of the incorrectness, appellation of Damsel :

Near her the swain, about to bear for life

One certain evil, doubts 'twixt war and wife ;

But while the faltering damsel takes the oath ;

Consents to wed, and so secures them both.

Poor lass ! she does not look as if that would be the case, either ; but perhaps Mr. Crabbe knew better and saw farther than Mr. Westall. The latter has however made an admirable picture of the actual circumstances.

We must now pause on detail. There is one of delightful scenery, with a Mother and Child, from the Parish-Register Baptisms ; and several Sea-pieces of perfect fidelity. The old Sailor and Boy in a Boat during a Storm, yields, if at all, to the more gratifying group of the Fisherman's Wife mending the Net, while her children are lanching a tiny vessel. These are Hastings Beach on paper.

Upon the whole, rustic and higher life—death in various forms—the gay, the grave, the real, and the imaginative, are all ably shown as the subjects suggest ; and Mr. Westall, with Mr. Heath's assistance, has finished a work well calculated to go down to posterity with the extraordinary Poems they have been produced to illustrate.

LAZARUS, BY MR. HAYDON.

In the Egyptian Hall, where at our last visit we saw a specimen belonging to the lower order of humanity, we have just witnessed one of the noblest achievements of human power and intellect in the Lazarus painted by Mr. Haydon. This is indeed a grand picture. We are not apt to speak hyperbolically ; but have been so delighted with this magnificent work, that we can hardly find terms to express our admiration. In our opinion it leaves the best of the artist's former productions at an immense distance behind. The highest style of art is employed, and the subject is treated with sublime feeling and elevated judgment. The simple dignity of the Saviour in the centre, performing the awful miracle, yet appearing untouched by mortal passions, is skilfully contrasted by all the various emotions of the spectators around. The father and mother of the sepulchred dead, are intensely agitated, and so in a lower grade (the expression being confined to the forms, and the countenances being hidden) are the men who have opened the tomb. The spectral apparition of Lazarus himself is a masterpiece of art : the principles of death and life are contending within him, and blended in his ghastly face. On either side of Christ, Martha and Mary Magdalen are placed, the one lost in appalling wonder at the stupendous act of divine omnipotence, the other absorbed in her own peculiar griefs. Other figures occupy the left, and are appropriately diversified and affected. The whole, for we write in haste at the latest moment of our time, and cannot expatiate, is an honour to England and immortality to the Painter.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MEDALLION WAFERS.

Head of Ariadne.

Oh, why should Woman ever love,
Throwing her chance away,
Her little chance of summer shine,
Upon a rainbow ray ?

Look back on each old history,
Each fresh remembered tale ;
They'll tell how often love has made
The cheek of woman pale ;—

Her unrequited love, a flower
Dying for air and light;
Her love betrayed, another flower
Withering before a blight.

Look down within the silent grave;
How much of breath and bloom
Have wasted,—passion's sacrifice
Offered to the lone tomb.

Look on her hour of solitude,
How many bitter cares
Belie the smile with which the lip
Would sun the wound it bears.

Mark this sweet face! oh never blush
Has past o'er one more fair,
And never o'er a brighter brow
Has wandered raven hair.

And mark how carelessly those wreaths
Of curl are flung behind,
And mark how pensively the brow
Leans on the hand reclined.

'Tis she of Crete!—another proof
Of woman's weary lot;
Their April doom of sun and shower,—
To love, then be forgot.

Heart-sickness, feelings tortured,
A sky of storm above,
A path of thorns,—these are love's gifts,—
Ah, why must woman love!

An old Man standing by the dead body of a Youth.

I am too proud by far to weep,
Though earth had nought so dear
As was the Soldier Youth to me
Now sleeping on that bier.
It were a stain upon his fame
Would do his laurel crown a shame,
To shed one single tear.
It was a blessed lot to die
In battle, and for liberty!

He was my first, my only child,
And when my race was run,
I was so proud to send him forth
To do as I had done.
It was his last, his only field:
They brought him back upon his shield,
But victory was won.
I cannot weep when I recall
Thy land has cause to bless thy fill.

When others tell their children all
The fame that warriors win,
I must sit silent, and but think
On what my child had been.
It is a father's joy to see
The young eyes glow exultingly
When warlike tales begin;
And yet I know no living one
I would change for my sleeping Son.

A Nereid floating on a Shell.

Thy dwelling is the coral cave,
Thy element the blue sea wave,
Thy music the wild billows dashing;
Thy light the diamond's crystal flashing:
I'd leave this earth to dwell with thee,
Bright haired daughter of the sea!
It was an hour of lone starlight
When first my eye caught thy sweet sight:
Thy white feet prest a silver shell,
Love's own enchanted corralle;
Thy fair arms waved like the white foam
The seas dash from their billowy home;
And far behind, thy golden hair,
A bright sail, floated on the air;
And on thy lips there was a song,
As music wafted thee along.
They say, sweet daughter of the sea,
Thy look and song are treachery;

Thy smile is but the honied bait
To lure thy lover to his fate.
I know not, and I care still less;
It is enough of happiness
To be deceived. Oh, never yet
Could love doubt—no, one doubt would set
His fettered pinions free from all
His false but most delicious thrall.
Love cannot live and doubt; and I,
Vowed slave to my bright deity,
Have but one prayer: Come joy, come ill,
If I am deceiv'd, deceive me still;
Better the heart in faith should die
Than break beneath love's perjury.

Conclusion.

All, all forgotten! Oh, false Love!
I had not deemed that this could be,
That heart and lute, so truly thine,
Could both be broken, and by thee.
I did not dream, when I have loved
To dwell on Sorrow's saddest tone,
That its reality would soon
Be but the echo of mine own.
Farewell! I give thee back each vow,
Vows are but vain when love is dead;
What boot the trammels, when the bird
They should have kept so safe, is fled?
But go! be happy and be free,
My heart is far too warm for thine;
Go! and 'mid Pleasure's lights and smiles,
Heed not what tears and clouds are mine.
But I,—oh, how can I forget
What has been more than life to me!
Oh wherefore, wherefore was I taught
So much of passion's misery!
Thy name is breathed on every song—
How can I bid those songs depart?
The thoughts I've treasur'd up of thee
Are more than life-blood to my heart.
But I may yet learn to forget;
I am too proud for passion's chain;
I yet may learn to wake my lute—
But never at Love's call again.
I will be proud for you to hear
Of glory brightening on my name;
Oh vain, oh worse than vanity!
Love, love is all a woman's fame.
Then deepest silence to the chords
Which only awakened for thy sake;
When love has left both heart and harp,
Ah what can either do but break!—L. E. L.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

✱ [By the Rev. Dr. Edmund Cartwright.]
Yon mystic Flower, with gold and azure bright,
Whose stem luxuriant speaks a vigorous root,
Unfolds her blossoms to the Morn's salute,
That close and die in the embrace of Night.
No luscious fruits the cheated taste invite—
Her short-liv'd blossoms, ere they lead to fruit,
Demand a genial clime, and suns that shoot
Their rays direct, with undiminish'd light.
Thus HOPE, the Passion-flower of human life,
Whose wild luxuriance mocks the pruner's knife;
Profuse in promise, makes a like display
Of evanescent blooms—that last a day!
To cheer the mental eye, no more is given:
The FRUIT is only to be found—in HEAVEN!

SKETCH FOR MUSIC.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

Recitative.

Name but thy wish, for I can be
Any, every thing for Thee,
The Muse of mirth or melancholy,
Votress of sentiment or folly.

Scotch Air.

A Highland Lassie, nature's child,
Dwelling 'mid scenes sublimely wild,
With azure eye and forehead fair,
And cheek of rose and golden hair,
Carolling her wood-notes free
In innocent simplicity;
Or dreaming, in her father's towers,
Of brighter skies and greener bowers;
Or bending from the lover's cliff
To hail the fond expected skiff;
Or listening for the Hunter's horn,—
Who left the castle walls ere morn,—
When the deep shades of evening fall;
Dreams, hopes and fears, forgetting all,
As rings the Strathspey through the hall.

Recitative.

Or glide we o'er the moonlight seas
To that bright region of Romance,
Where music floats on every breeze,
And rapture beams in every glance.

Spanish Air.

Hark! to the seguidilla singing,
Hark! to the gay bolera ringing,
Hark! to the clattering castanet,
Hark! to the whispers of lovers met
In the shadowy walk, where moonlight's ray
No entrance finds love to betray.
The Spanish Maid (as Houris fair)
Reigns a soft enchantress there;
Yet love she knows not; or if knows,
'Tis love, that, like far China's flower,
Wearing the semblance of our rose,
Brightens, but perfumes not the bower.

Recitative.

Or the proud Lady of English land,
Whose look is law, whose voice command.

English Air.

Faultless the form, as statuary
Of antique queen or deity;
As faultless, cold, she towers above
Or woman's weakness, woman's love;
And, as to some particular star,
We gaze, and worship from afar.

Italian Air.

Or would'st Italia's dark-browed dame,
Born but for admiration—fame,
And Goddess named: so may she be
Any but household Deity.
Grace to the form alone confined,
In classic mould—unclassic mind;
Yet Melody proclaims its own
The witchery of her syren tone;
Resistless all, she sways the ear, the eye,—
The heart alone disclaims her sov'reignty.

German Waltz.

Or behold the fair German, so placid, so quiet,
Whose heart threatens no tumult, whose pulse beats
no riot;
Except when the strain of the magic waltz rings,
And at once into life the automaton springs;
Tis her circle of being—that mystical round,—
There her care is forgotten, her happiness found.

Recitative.

Or shall we fly to blue-skied France,
That pleasant land of dress and dance—

French Vaudeville.

Whose matrons excel in each happy art
To captivate, though not retain, the heart;
Where the eye beams in brightness, undimmed
by a tear, [fear;
And the heart throbs in lightness, unchecked by a
Where life, like a summer-dry, gaily glides by,
And night darkens before we think evening is nigh;
Yet if pain comes not there, is no true pleasure
found,
Save when echoes the ball-room the cotillon's round.

Russian Air.

To frozen Russia shall we go?
No—Cupid shuddering, murmurs—No;
Nor locks of gold, nor eyes of blue,
Nor lips of rose, can warm him through.
Ice in the earth, ice in the air,—
The flower of love would wither there.

Recitative.

Helvetia's Maid!—yes—artless she
(If artless woman ever be.)

Swiss Rang des Vaches.

To her the song of her mountain home—
That simple song—than the richest measure
On breeze Sicilian, that doth nightly come,—
Wakes softer memories, purer pleasure.
The towering alps around her rise,
A world to her beaming eyes;
And the spot that doth most that world adorn
Is the vine-roofed cottage where she was born:
Yet even her day one cloud hangs over,—
The fear of losing her goats or her lover.

Recitative.

But, look beyond the wave with me,
To that green gem in the western sea,
O'er which the purple sunlight throws
His richest radiance as he goes,
Careering o'er the Atlantic's desert blue,
To Dian's charge confiding that sweet Isle,
On distant worlds, of gayer, brighter hue,
To pour the splendors of his golden smile.

Irish Melody.

Of that green Isle is the daughter fair,
Pensive her brow, and soft her air;
Child of extremes—er wild with gladness,
Or lost in musings deep of sadness;
Whose heart, too finely chorded, rings
To every passing touch of joy or woe;
Like to that fairy harp, whose strings
Give echo to the winds that o'er them blow.
Blushing with sensibility,
No woman of the world is she;
She cares not for its tinsel toys,
Its pomp no thought of hers employs;
A setting sun—a moonlight sky,
Dime her dark glance with ecstasy.
The music that the wild wood fills,
With rapture her pure bosom thrills;
To her the opening spring's first rose
More brightly than the diamond glows;
Who, when she loves, loves once and ever—
Though all else change, she changeth never!

Recitative.

Now choose, and Thou at once shalt see,
By the power of my witchery,
The being Thou would'st have me be.—ISABEL.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Feb. 19, 1823.

I SEND you a curious morsel—a Fable written by Napoléon Buonaparte. The original manuscript is in the possession of M. le Comte de Vémars, and hitherto unpublished. It was written at Brienne, and bears the date of 1783. When Napoleon composed these verses he was therefore only fifteen or sixteen years of age.

Le Chien, le Lapin, et le Chasseur.

César, chien d'arrêt renommé,
Mais trop enfié de son mérite,
Tenait arrêté dans son gîte
Un malheureux lapin de peur inanimé.
Rends toi, lui cria-t-il, d'une voix de tonnerre,
Qui fit au loin trembler les peuplades des bois;
Je suis César, connu par tant d'exploits,
Et dont le nom remplit toute la terre.

A ce grand nom, jeannot-Lapin,
Recommandant à Dieu son âme pénitente,
Demanda, d'une voix tremblante :

Très Sérénnissime maître,
Si je me rends, quel sera mon destin ?
Tu mourras ! Je mourrai ! dit la bête innocente ;
Et si je fuis ? Ton trépas est certain.
—Quoi ! reprit l'animal, qui se nourrit de thym,
Des deux côtés je dois perdre la vie ?
Que votre illustre Seigneurie
Veuille me pardonner, puisqu'il me faut mourir,
Si j'ose tenter de m'expier :
Il dit ; et fuit en héros de garenne.
Caron l'aurait blâmé, je dis qu'il n'eut pas tort ;
Car le chasseur le voit à peine
Qu'il l'ajuste, le tire—et le chien tombe mort.
Que dirait de ceci notre bon Lafontaine ?
"AIDE-TOI, LE CIEL T'AIDERA."
J'approuve fort cette morale-là.

This Fable is not only a favourable indication of talent, but a proof of the active, decisive, and independent character by which the future life of the schoolboy was to be so eminently distinguished.

We have had for some time at Paris a celebrated Italian improvisateur, M. Pistrucci. He has given two specimens with great success; the last was attended by the most brilliant company, and he treated every subject given him with astonishing talent. At the close of an improvisation on the battle of Cannes, in which he had displayed a poetical inspiration, and a purity of style and of diction equally surprising and admirable, he felt himself unwell, from the excessive agitation occasioned by his enthusiasm. There was a short interruption of the performance, and the company requested M. Pistrucci to take a longer repose before he attempted any further improvisations; but he insisted on proceeding immediately, that he found himself restored, and challenged the audience. A sonnet was proposed; a lady fixed on the rhyme, and so on. "What subject shall I adapt to this versification?" demanded M. Pistrucci. "Le Progrès de la Civilisation," replied a voice in the crowd. The Improvisateur immediately commenced, and went on, without taking breath, to the end of his sonnet, which he finished amidst salvos of applause. Another improvisation, on the life of the Improvisateur, was equally astonishing. It was impossible to speak of one's self with more art and prudence, had the piece been studiously composed.

The *Fermier d'Arcueil* was yesterday performed, for the first time, at the *Variétés*. M. Ferdinand is the reputed author of this piece; but it is said to be, only in another form, *La petite Nanette*, a comic Opera which appeared in 1796 at the Théâtre Feydeau, from the pen of Boffroy Reigne. M. Ferdinand and the critics will have to settle the matter with the public.

L'homme aux Scrupules, of which I wrote you, was hissed down last Saturday at the Théâtre Français: it will not be performed again. A scene took place lately at the Théâtre Français, which has had consequences that enter directly within the domain of literature. The youths of one of the Royal Colleges having a holiday on *Mardi Gras*, presented a request to Talma to perform in Cinna. On such a day Talma would not have performed; but to oblige the young élèves, he condescendingly complied with their request. Full of spirits, and delighted by the acting of their favourite performer, the young folks applauded his various parts with great vivacity, and by degrees began to mark the sentiments as well

as the characters. A passage which says, "the worst of states is the *état populaire*," was tremendously hissed; another, which speaks of "blood and victims," excited also great vociferations; another, in which the value of a republic is questioned, occasioned great interruption. They pretend even that the lads proclaimed *sur le champ*—the republic. At all events the gendarmes made their appearance, and there was a tolerable scene of confusion. Last Saturday night, after mass, an order was read in all the Royal Colleges and in all the Institutions, from the Abbé Nicolle, Rector of the Université de Paris, by which it is forbidden to any pupils to go out more than once in fifteen days, and that only from three till seven on the Sunday afternoon. The sensation produced was incalculable:—thousands of little boys, of nine, ten, eleven, thus separated and alienated from their parents, were in tears; the lads of fifteen, sixteen, eighteen, were in a fury; the masters are in consternation, expecting to lose the majority of their scholars; the Professors in alarm for their *benefices*; parents full of indignation at this interference with domestic regulations and affections; the *Liberal* ladies say, "See what it is to have priests and Jesuits at the head of Education—men who know nothing of the value of domestic or parental feelings!" In fact this branch of literature, and all its ramifications, are in *épouvante*.

M. d'Arlinecourt has a new Romance already on the stocks. It is said he is determined, if he cannot touch Sir Walter Scott in quality, at all events to be even with him in quantity.

THE DRAMA.

NEITHER Theatre has presented any novelty since our last, which require the reward of praise or the correction of criticism. The Oratorios are well attended in spite of the turmoil about the Lady of the Lake; and a Madame Bulgari, though something like the bold dragon's "beauteous Mrs. Flinn" in figure, has made a favourable debut as a singer. On Monday, King John, with a strong and new cast, is announced at Covent Garden.

A comic opera, called *Leicester, or Kenilworth Castle*, by Messrs. Scribe and Melesville, and founded on the Scottish tale, has succeeded at Paris, owing chiefly, it is said, to the music of M. Anber. It departs from the narrative by bringing Elizabeth to Camnor, and putting Amy under the protection of an old man to be conveyed to London, who turns out to be her father. He is arrested, and informs the Queen, who ultimately pardons Leicester and his wife Amy.

VARIETIES.

The Scottish Novel, to succeed *Peveril of the Peak*, has already, we hear, made considerable progress through the press, and will appear before May.

Mr. Bowditch has made arrangements for the speedy publication of a Sketch of the Portuguese Establishments in Congo, Angola, and Benguela; with some accounts of the interior of Angola and Mozambique.

Mr. William Marsden, F.R.S. author of the History of Sumatra, &c. is preparing for publication, *The Oriental Coins* of his Collection (Cufic, Persian, Indian, &c.) described and historically illustrated with numerous plates from drawings made under the author's inspection.

M. Michaud has finished his laborious and able History of the Crusades, by publishing lately the last four volumes. The early parts of this work, which the author with literary liberality presented us on a visit to Paris, enable us to say that the eulogium it receives from the French critics is not undeserved.

The widow of the late Count Camello Borgia is about to publish the Travels of her husband in the North of Africa, and especially to Tunis. The Count was preparing the work for the press when he died.

Medical.—A work, from the pen of M. de Chateaufort, contradicts, by indisputable evidence, the generally received opinion that the health of females is especially endangered at the critical age of from forty to fifty. The result of a variety of facts, drawn from Provence, Switzerland, Paris, Berlin, Sweden, Petersburg, &c. is, first, that from thirty to seventy no other augmentation of the number of female deaths is observable than that which is the natural result of the progress of age; and, secondly, that at every period of life, from thirty to seventy, there is a greater mortality among men than among women, more particularly at the age of from forty to fifty.

The Russian Academy at St. Petersburg (which was founded on principles similar to those of the French Academy) has already finished its "Dictionary of the Russian Language," which is about to appear in six volumes.

Iconography.—M. Artaria intends publishing at Milan a collection of the Portraits of the most celebrated living Italian Composers, Professors of Music, and Singers.

African Geography.—A Piedmontese of the name of Bonfigli Rossignol, we observe in a letter from Marseilles, has arrived there from travels in Egypt, nearly over the same ground as the American whose volume we so lately reviewed. His account confirms the statement respecting the immense triangular peninsula formed by the winding of the Nile. He proposes, after publishing a narrative, to set out again for Tripoli, with the intention of penetrating thence to the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White Nile, and ascending to the source of that river.

M. Prudhon, a member of the Institute and one of the most distinguished French painters, died about a week ago at Paris.

I mentioned to you, that M. Alexandre Soumet, author of *Paul et Clytemnestre*, had been appointed *Bibliothécaire du Roi*. After the perusal of these new pieces, his Majesty very graciously said to his librarian, "M. Soumet, I need not fear that my library of St. Cloud will want fine verses in future."—"Verses his Majesty will not want, certainly," (said an old Marquis,) for M. Soumet makes verses on all subjects and occasions; but as to the quality of his compositions, that is another question."—"What do you mean?" remarked a gentleman of the Court. "Mean?—why, do you know that his verses on the Birth of the Duc de Bordeaux gained him the place of librarian? But perhaps you do not know that his Ode to the Son of the Usurper won the prize of the Academy *des jeux floraux*—*le vaincu*," said the Marquis, taking it from his pocket before a gaping group. Thus while the King was complimenting M. Soumet in his cabinet, the verses he had offered in adulation of Napoleon and his son were circulating in the antichambers.—(From our Correspondent at Paris.)

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

James's Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains, in 1819 & 1820, 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 16s.—Watts's Bibliotheca Britannica, or General Index to the Literature of Great Britain and Ireland, &c. Part 8, 21s.—Narrative of a Journey in the Morea, by Sir W. Gell, M.A. F.R.S.F.S.A. 8vo. 15s.—Brayley's Views of Ancient Castles, No. 3, 8vo. 4s.; 4to. 6s.—Brenton's Naval History, vols. 1 & 2, 8vo. 11. 14s.—Billard's French Verbs, 12mo. 2s.—Maydwell's Epitome of Chronology, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Bowling's Details of his Imprisonment, 8vo. 4s.—Roscoe's Memoirs of Cellini, 3d edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—Nassella, in Italian, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Stewart's Collections and Recollections, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Lardner's Algebraic Geometry, vol. 1, 8vo. 18s.—Gillie's Translation of Aristotle's Rhetoric, 8vo. 12s.—The Pioneers, by the Author of the Spy, 3 vols. 12mo. 19s.—Elmes's Life of Sir Christopher Wren, 4to. 3l. 3s.; large paper 6l. 6s.—Harding's Universal Stenography, 12mo. 3s.—Fudge Family in England, foolscap 8vo. 7s.—Essays, Descriptive and Moral, on Scenes in Italy, by an American, 8vo. 8s.—Scriven on Copyholds, vol. 2, 8vo. 22s.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

		Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ...	20	from 29 to 42	29.69 to 29.84
Friday ...	21	from 31 to 50	29.51 to 29.38
Saturday ...	22	from 37 to 46	29.40 to 29.49
Sunday ...	23	from 34 to 46	29.56 to 29.26
Monday ...	24	from 39 to 49	29.37 to 29.07
Tuesday ...	25	from 30 to 43	29.57 to 29.08
Wednesday	26	from 31 to 43	29.06 to 28.97

Wind SW.—The weather cloudy and wet till 26th, when it was clear. Rain fallen .75 of an inch.

Venus, though not a very interesting telescopic object, being gibbous, may be seen shortly after sun-set in the SW.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have so many "Constant Readers," that we cannot reply that signature in Correspondents, without going more into particulars than we have room for to identify them.

M. L. E. is inadmissible, as we are already supplied. G. L. P.'s advice would cost us above 200l. in duties. Caraboo was a Gipsy impostor, who pretended some years since to have swum from the wreck of an Indianan, and to be an Indian Princess. Her adventures filled all the journals and magazines of the time.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S Great PICTURE of the RAISING of LAZARUS, will open on Monday next, at Ten o'clock, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admission 1s.—Catalogue 6d. Ground Floor to the Right.

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